CHINA

ITS MARVEL AND MYSTERY

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HONG KONG: FROM KOWLOON

Showing the well-known Peak, with the city at its base.

CHINA

ITS MARVEL AND MYSTERY

BY

T. HODGSON LIDDELL, R.B.A.

WITH 40 ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
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CHINA: THE ARTIST'S TASK

I UNDERTOOK this journey to China solely to paint pictures of a country I had during all my life heard a great deal of, and, in my book, I try to convey my impressions as an artist. I had occasionally heard of and seen sketches made by residents in and visitors to China, but I am not aware that a concerted attempt has ever before been made to produce and show to those at home a series of pictures which might illustrate, at any rate, some parts of China known, or of interest, to Europeans.

If to a certain extent I restricted myself to illustrating these better-known parts, it was because I felt that the less-known places, though equally picturesque, would not, as yet, appeal to the public; and also I knew well beforehand that the difficulties I should have to face, to work even where I did, would be very great. And, indeed, I found I had not underestimated these difficulties.

The Chinese are, naturally, very artistic; but, in most places where I worked, they have never before seen any one attempting to paint outside from nature. One has only to think of how the crowd would gather if a Chinaman, in national costume, were to set up an easel and

begin to paint in one of our own streets, to realise a little of what I had to put up with. I had great crowds of curious natives to manage and to humour, and in other cases I had to persuade the officials to allow me to sketch. Their whole idea, it seemed to me, was that a foreigner sketching meant making maps and plans for some ulterior purpose.

The difficulty I experienced, and the long, patient, persistent efforts I had to make, before I could persuade those most highly educated and placed officials immediately in touch with the Throne even to petition the Empress Dowager to grant me that permission which I ultimately obtained—to work at the Summer Palace—was only one, though the most determined, effort to keep me outside. But once I had obtained that, and become known (and, I flatter myself, rather liked), and consequently favoured by those officials, my difficulties were smoothed over as far as possible.

Then I had to contend with the climate, a very serious matter; to work in extreme heat and extreme cold; at times in very moist heat, and again in great dryness; the mere keeping of my paper and materials in fit condition was quite a serious matter.

Of the places I visited and illustrated the chief were, in the order of my journey: Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, and the neighbourhood of these places, in the south. Shanghai was another centre, and from there I visited

and worked in the Soochow and Tahu or Great Lake district, and at Bing-oo, Kashing, and Hangchow, with its famous West Lake. In the north I visited Pei-tai-ho, Shan-hai-kwan, Tientsin, and finally Peking, with its world-famous palaces and temples.

China is such a vast country, and holds such wealth of beauty and interest, that an artist might spend years and then only have taken the cream from each place. My visit was only for one year, and therefore I had to cut my coat according to my cloth, and leave for a possible future visit many notable scenes which might well be depicted and shown to the world. I venture to think that if Europeans could but see more pictures, realistically painted, of the natural and created beauties of that great Empire, they would form a better opinion, not only of the country, but of the civilisation and very high artistic sense of the people.

I trust that, in issuing my work to the Public, it will be understood that to all intents I have acted the difficult part of a Pioneer in this direction, and have at any rate overcome some of the scruples of the Chinese, as well as returned home with a very high opinion of, and a great liking for, them.

My visit to Japan was but a short one, a holiday after a long spell of hard work in very great heat; but I could not help comparing the two countries artistically, very much (from my point of view) in favour of

China, which, with increased facilities for travelling, will become a great holiday ground for, at any rate, the wealthier traveller.

I owe a debt of gratitude to friends at home and in China, who by their help and advice enabled me to undertake this journey, and I take this opportunity of expressing my grateful thanks. Also to my hosts at Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, and Tientsin, for their great kindness and hospitality; to our Minister and the Staff of the British Legation at Peking, and my many friends in China, for all their kindness; and last, but not least, to express my thanks to those Chinese gentlemen who were themselves so helpful to me, and so appreciative of the efforts I made to depict some of the beautiful scenes in their country.

In the production of this book I owe much to my wife, whose aid has been invaluable.

T. H. L.

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Lighting the fires for the evening meal.

CHINA

ITS MARVEL AND MYSTERY

CHAPTER I

HONG KONG

Arrival and General Impression.

HONG KONG, with its majestic Peak rising in glory above a shimmering sea, is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Look at the outline of the hills, broken and softened here and there by mist floating gossamer-like; then look at the town of Victoria nestling at its foot, and the shipping of many nations, from frowning battleship and stately liner to the matting-sailed junk and tiny sampan —a wondrous place!

Watch the Peak towards evening, when the smoke of the fires from the Chinese quarter rises gently up the hillside. See this soft-coloured, vaporous smoke of chow-time, with its mysterious suggestions, as it moves slowly in the quiet atmosphere. Thoughts come to you then not only of the prosaic cooking-time of China, but

of burning joss-sticks and quiet worship of which we of the West have but vague ideas.

Climb the hill on a brilliant sunny morning and look round over the many islands of red and grey rock, dotted about on the gleaming water, with sails sparkling, and perhaps on the far horizon a homeward-bound liner with its freight of humanity, goods, and letters with their messages to the loved ones at home. Or look down, at night, over the town with its thousands of lights glinting, and out over the harbour to busy Kowloon, at your feet myriads of flitting fireflies, and a brilliant moon and stars overhead. This is altogether one of the most mysterious, fascinating, and beautiful sights one can imagine.

Who, only seeing this side of it, would guess it could be the scene of such ravaging storms as the typhoon of 1908 or previous years, when houses were unroofed and wrecked, big ships driven ashore, junks swept away never to be seen again, and sampans lost by the score, all with their quota of human souls. Such is Nature—ever changing, beautiful, mysterious, with terrible and gloomy, glorious, sunny and joyous side.

Separated from the mainland by a channel varying in width from one mile at Kowloon Point to a quarter of a mile at the Lyeemoon Pass, the island of Hong Kong or Hiang Kiang, on which is built the town of the same name (more correctly, Victoria), was ceded to

the British in 1841. The island is very irregular in shape, about ten miles long by two to five miles wide, and rising to a height of nearly 2000 feet. The geological formation is mainly granite, and the hills in the upper parts are bare; but lower down, in and about the town and up what have been rough gulleys, our countrymen have planted trees and made beautiful gardens and lovely walks leading up to their pretty houses nestling in sheltered nooks on the hillside. High up one sees them, and to these the well-to-do colonists are carried to and fro in chairs, on poles borne by two or four coolies. There are very beautiful botanic gardens overlooking the town and bay; and when I paid my first visit to them they were near their best, and I was greatly struck by a beautiful erythrea tree with its gorgeous red blossoms. Alas! within twelve months, when I went again, the dreaded typhoon had broken this and many other fine specimens. And another example of the terrible destruction caused by these dreaded typhoons was brought still nearer home to me. The house in which I was a guest, on my first visit, had the roof torn off and was almost a ruin; the rooms in which I had spent such pleasant times with my genial host were laid open to the skies; and many months afterwards the house was only beginning again to wear its former appearance; because, whatever damage is done, the colonist in his quiet way immediately gives orders for it to be repaired, and

goes on with his business as if nothing unusual had happened.

The buildings of Victoria are very fine. I need only mention a few examples—the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Hong Kong Club, and the New Law Courts and Post Office now being built, all on the front, and largely on land gained from the sea by the foresight and energy of some of the leading colonists. Up behind, near the Botanic Gardens and looking over the town, is Government House, watching, as it were, over the destinies of the colony in charge of its occupant.

Scenes in the street are interesting and very cosmopolitan. Here you see the Britisher intent on business; there the tourist in gay attire, men and women just landed from a liner, and making the most of a little stay in port to see all they can; there, again, the shouting chair-coolies, anxious for a fare. All animation and business is this Gate of the East.

A most interesting walk is that along the front facing the harbour. Starting west from the Hong Kong Club, hub of the colony, one sees the Star Ferry Wharf, from whence plies the steam-ferry to and from Kowloon. Then there are various wharves and landing-places opposite great modern buildings, the offices of the shipping and other merchants. Between these wharves and jetties, packed closely, lie many native boats on which the owners live. They are ready to carry cargo of any kind, to ships in

the harbour, or to other parts of the colony; there are smaller boats or sampans for passengers, and others for fishing. All these native craft must push off to a certain distance from the land at night, and all are numbered, and the passenger-boats licensed, so that passengers may embark in safety, the police knowing each boat. Farther on, one notices that the houses are mostly occupied by Chinese, and along and across this busy street coolies are carrying to and from the craft all sorts of goods, from bales of cotton to pigs squealing and kicking tied up in baskets; farther on still, are the wharves of the various companies running steamers to Macao, Canton, and the West River.

The blue gown is the prevailing colour and costume of the better-class native, but amongst the coolies all colours are to be found in picturesque confusion. The wide straw hats seem to serve as umbrellas to keep off either sun or rain. Or again, from the Post Office, get on one of the smoothly running electric cars and go east past the barracks, and so on till again you are on the sea front (one sees many Japanese names on the shops here), on past East Point, where is one of the oldest Hongs of the colony, built here in the early days, and still going strong.

Here is the Harbour of Refuge, constructed to provide shelter for the many native craft. On farther, we see to one side the fine racecourse, where at certain times

great crowds gather, not only from Hong Kong, Canton, but even Shanghai and other ports, sending their racing enthusiasts to swell the crowd. Continue on the car and we come to the great sugar-mills, and, near by, the New Dock, built by one of the great and enterprising firms of the Far East. And what an enterprise this is!—cut out of a granite hillside, and, at the time I saw it, nearing completion, with all the latest equipment necessary for docking large vessels—another instance of British colonial energy.

Farther on, the car runs along a pretty road by the water-side and finally stops at the entrance to the village of Sha-kai-wan, which, but a few years ago, was the home and headquarters of many of the pirates which infested these waters. It now has the appearance of a small fishing village; but, personally, I would not like to vouch for the strict honesty of all its amphibious-looking inhabitants. At any rate, it does not call for great imagination to fancy them as dressed and armed in old-time style, and waiting ready to pounce on any peaceful craft passing by.

One cannot fail to notice another engineering feat—the Peak tramway, which I have heard described as ugly. But if one will travel by it, and watch from the car as it ascends or descends, he will be rewarded by most beautiful glimpses through semi-tropical foliage along the hillside or over the harbour. From a station halfway up I saw one of the most delightful views.

CHAPTER II

NEW AND OLD KOWLOON

First Experiences of Sketching.

NEW Kowloon might well be described as the military and commercial—and soon will be the railway—annex of Hong Kong. This is one end of the Canton-Kowloon Railway, now in course of construction and intended to be part of a great trunk line through China. At Kowloon many of the large vessels discharge and take on cargo. From here one gets perhaps the most comprehensive view of the Peak of Hong Kong and the town of Victoria, with its great and busy harbour. Two or three miles off, to the east, is the old native city of Kowloon. It lies on the slope of the hill, and the walls wind up and along, and are well seen from the water. The town has now few inhabitants. I should think they have found it more profitable to migrate to the New Kowloon, or Hong Kong, and trade or work there. Old Kowloon is nearly opposite Sha-kai-wan, and its people, for piratical purposes, as far as situation goes, may have been, and I believe were, brethren in their nefarious trade.

I believe the former inhabitants of this place were

amongst the worst characters of the district, and such a thorn in the side of peace and quietness that a few years ago it ended in our countrymen at Hong Kong rushing the place, turning the people out, and so dismantling it that it could no longer be a menace to the quiet of our colony.

Now, as I walked round the walls, I found old iron cannon thrown on the ground and many signs of what had been; but looking into the town I realised that its power to hurt was gone. It is almost deserted, and only on the outside of the old walls and nearer the water is there a small population left. It is difficult to realise that such a pirates' lair could exist in this century within sight of one of the greatest British colonies of the East. Think of this hotbed of crime only across the narrow waters from those palatial buildings and comfortable houses, to be seen from their windows. One wonders at the patience which allowed it to exist so long. No wonder it was considered unsafe to cross the harbour in a small boat after dark, and that there were mysterious disappearances while these pirates had a stronghold near by.

An artist need not be long in finding subjects here, or, in fact, throughout China; but he must be prepared to put up with all sorts of troubles and interruptions, to sit or stand in most uncomfortable positions, and invariably with a big crowd round. Even in Hong Kong,

a British colony, it is quite rare to see a painter working in the open air, and the natives are very curious and rather too appreciative. Once I found that certain of my spectators wished to approach much nearer than was pleasant, and even to stand in front of me. I remarked to a friend at dinner that evening that I was possessed with a great desire to pull their pigtails, to make them move out of my way. He gently remonstrated with me, and said I must be patient. I followed his advice and had my reward; for next day a youth, to show his superior agility, attempted to jump across in front of my position near the edge of the wharf. But, alas! he reckoned without his host; for, as he jumped, one of my admirers near gripped his pigtail and down he came on his back, and was only saved from a ducking in the water by being held by his queue. I am afraid I could not help joining in the loud laughter that followed.

The Sikh policeman of Hong Kong is a very important and stately individual, and one of them, finding me ensconced in a "ricksha" in one of the main streets, considered it his duty to take me under his special care. He in vain attempted to move the crowd on; and, though it was quite necessary to keep the footpath clear, there was no real need for him to start a game of catch-who-you-can round my "ricksha." The younger members of the crowd in particular much enjoyed the fun of dodging their

pursuer; but, when I remonstrated, the only answer I got from the policeman was, "Dey too muchee bobherry my." The local press described me as "a man sitting in a 'ricksha' smoking cigars and attempting to paint the Flower Market." The poor painter has much to put up with!

I cannot finish my notes on Hong Kong without referring to the wonderful effects of what are commonly known as "mackerel" skies, which are here, I think, seen to more perfection than elsewhere, although they are the prevailing sky of Southern China, and to see a fine sunset from Hong Kong Harbour is something to remember all one's life.

The same may be said of the hospitality of the colonists. I shall never forget it. I had not been half-an-hour on land before I was taken by my host to the Club, and introduced to more than I can remember; but they were all genial and kind, one after another asking me to tiffin or dine. I must mention that no doubt I owed a great deal of this to my host, one of the best-known men in the colony, and also to the fact that members of my family have long lived in the Far East.

My time was too busily occupied for much social intercourse. But to those who have time, and like it, no place offers more than Hong Kong. I am afraid that, should this book fall into the hands of some who were my fellow-guests at a tiffin party, they will remark,

HONG KONG: THE FLOWER MARKET

if they remember me at all, that I was not strictly truthful. I was a stranger to all but my host; and in conversation one asked me if I were a Member of Parliament, and when I denied the soft impeachment and said I was only a Scotsman, another said, "Well, are you going to write a book?" And to that also I said "No," at that time having no such intention. I hope he will forgive me for doing so. Everywhere I found kindness. Did I wish to sketch from the harbour, a launch was at my disposal, and a good tiffin put on board. I had only to express a wish to go anywhere, and I was taken there. One and all seemed to vie with each other to give me a good time, and they succeeded. I went to theatres and weddings and to farewell dinners, and to tiffins to those about to wed.

On my return visit I found, as I have said, that the delightful home of my friend had been partly destroyed by the typhoon; but I was invited to stay at a splendid house of one of the most prominent colonists, a house famous for its architectural beauty, and its great collection of Eastern porcelain, which bids fair to rival the greatest. Here I spent Christmas in true British fashion.

CHAPTER III

MACAO

The Old Portuguese Settlement and sometime Home of Camoens.

"*Gem of the Orient, Earth and open Sea—*
Macao: that in thy lap and on thy breast
Hast gathered beauties all the loveliest
O'er which the sun smiles in his majesty."

—BOWRING.

THE visitor to Hong Kong should not, if time allows, fail to visit Macao. The delightful trip on one of the well-equipped boats of the Canton and Macao Steamboat Company is well worth doing; and Macao, with its history going back to 1557, when the Portuguese first founded their settlement (I think it is the earliest European settlement in China), is most interesting. The Portuguese were allowed at that time to build factories, and the Chinese built a wall to exclude the barbarians.

The settlement is on a peninsula on the western side of the Canton River, and the city, with its flat-roofed houses of southern European character, is very picturesquely situated. It lies on the level piece of land forming the Peninsula, between bold and rocky hills at either end rising some 300 feet.

The Chinese have always (notably in 1862) disputed the ownership of this piece of territory, but their authority has gradually diminished, and now the place has been for some time regarded as a colonial possession by the Portuguese. It was early occupied by the Jesuit missionaries, who established the grand old cathedral, beautiful even in its ruin, but still towering up into the sky, and sharing with the old castle the domination of the town.

Macao was the centre of a disgraceful and cruel trade in coolies, a slave trade of the worst character, from the middle of last century till it was abolished in 1874. More recently the colonial revenue has been largely gained from a tax on the notorious Fan-Tan gambling-dens, which in 1872–73 yielded as much as 380,000 dollars (Mexican), or close on £35,000 sterling. These and still worse places are largely patronised by the Chinese and Macoese (among whom half-breeds largely predominate), and one is lost in amazement at the action of a European nation in upholding such things and pandering to the worst side of the Chinese character. But, for all this, Macao is a fair place to look at and dream over; and it is a more pleasant task to let one's thoughts go back to days when, in 1568, Louis de Camoens, prince of poets of his time, was exiled here as Portuguese Governor of the Fort, for writing a satire on the Portuguese officials at Goa, exposing their corruption. His memory is kept

green by the grotto which still bears his name, and here he is said to have composed at least part of his "Lusiad" (the national epic of Portugal), and probably in this peaceful retreat he passed the happiest time of his adventurous life.

> "There never fails, intent on treacherous ends,
> Some lurking foe to those whom Heaven befriends." [1]

Nearly all the outer end of the Peninsula and close to the river rises a small and rocky tree-covered hill, and on this is situated the very beautiful Fisherman's Temple, as dainty and picturesque a group of buildings, small though they are, as I saw anywhere in the East. My guide induced me to visit the Fan-Tan gambling-houses, the outsides of which are ornamental in a tawdry way; the insides did not appeal to me, being rather dull and dirty. We were taken upstairs, where, round a railed opening in the floor, one looked down on the gaming-table; but the game did not appear to me to have any charm. We also looked in at a Chinese theatre, where one of their everlasting plays was in progress. I cannot say that there was any resemblance to Drury Lane. There was no scenery; the actors (there are no actresses, though the men make up very well as women) wear cheap but very gaudy costumes, and change their dresses on the stage; all the hangers on, such as we might term scene-shifters, and the like, stood about the stage and watched

[1] "The Lusiad."

A STREET IN MACAO

the performance, which was so weird I cannot find words to describe it. It largely consisted of the performers yelling at each other in very high-pitched falsetto voices (caterwauling is the only noise I can liken it to), waving their arms and walking up and down — the so-called band adding to the din, cymbals, drums, and sort of coach-horn, &c., making every few minutes a great banging — then a sudden hush, after which off they would start again.

The men who take women's parts are raised on false wooden feet, made quite small to give the appearance of the small, bound feet of the women; their baggy trousers are tied in at the ankle. The audience, although watching intently, seem moved very little, and only signify their approval slightly. There is no enthusiastic applause as with us, though there is occasionally slight laughter.

While here I visited a charming Chinese residence. The owner was from home, but I was most courteously shown over it by his servants. The gardens were very pretty—approached through quaintly shaped doorways in the walls, and intersected by pathways lined by ornamental stone-work and plants and flowers—sheets of water, with the usual bridges leading to pavilions on islands, making the whole very attractive. The residential part of the house was very well furnished with fine Cantonese black wood and many pieces of beautiful porcelain.

The No. 1 Boy brought out as a great treasure for

my inspection a book of photographs of London, asking me if I knew these places; and on my saying so, I was asked by my interpreter if I would explain them. This I did, to their great delight. They were greatly struck by St. Paul's, which I described to them as our Chief Joss-House, and with the idea of the railways which went under the houses and streets.

NEAR CANTON: FISHING-BOATS ON THE PEARL RIVER

CHAPTER IV

CANTON—THE PEARL RIVER

Arrival and Description of the City and the River—Pawnshops—Boat Life—Streets and Shopping.

I WAS lucky enough, in going to Canton, to have the escort of a Hong Kong friend who knew his way, and also fortunate in meeting, on board the boat, a naval commander and his wife who were fellow-passengers from England and going up to enjoy the hospitality of the same friends I was to stay with. This is the sort of good-fellowship which reigns in the East. It is open house to all travellers and a most hearty welcome. During my stay with these friends, another gentleman and shipmate visited them; and in their company, and under the escort of the daughter of the Consul-General, I visited many of the shops and sights, and was initiated into the Eastern methods of making a bargain. This seemed to me to consist in offering about a third of the sum asked and gradually rising to about half, then attempting to leave the shop, and often being followed into the street by the tradesman, who did not wish to lose a customer.

I reached Canton in the early part of a beautiful

morning, and at dawn I found we were passing along the quiet waters, between fertile shores with distant hills looming up in tender pearly colour. Well may this be called the Pearl River! By-and-by, along the bank we could discern the rough huts of the fisher-folk, built up out of the water on poles. These people, doubtless, were pirates not very long ago, and would be so still if opportunity allowed.

Gradually we neared Canton, and began to see more and more boats, until the water was full of them and there seemed hardly room for us to get through. The city covers about 68 square miles, a great part of this being within the walls, which are 20 feet thick and rise to a height of 25 feet. On three sides this wall is still further protected by a ditch filled with water by the rising tide, but at low tide containing nothing but revolting filth.

There are twelve outer gates and two water gates, the latter allowing boats to pass from east to west across the new city. All gates are shut about sundown. The streets are long, winding, and very narrow, the houses rarely more than two storeys in height.

The Buddhist priests and nuns, about 2000, outnumber any other sect. There is also a Mahommedan mosque with a tall tower.

The great guilds of China are strong in Canton, and there are many halls belonging to, and used by, these

bodies, who seem to have great power to sway the opinion of the people; as, for instance, at the time of my last visit to Canton, a Chinese having been found dead on a steamboat belonging to a British firm, and certified by a doctor to have died from natural causes, there was a great ado made about the matter, many meetings were held at the guild-halls, and feeling ran strong against the British.

Pawnshops in China are most extensive and remarkable institutions. They are of three classes. The first are owned by wealthy companies, and their places of business are well and strongly built, and, with the exception of the pagodas, are the loftiest buildings in Canton. Tall square blocks, they remind one of some of our old border keeps. They have windows with iron shutters. The entrance doors are also of iron, the basement forming the offices for business, while the upper floors are for storage.

Pawnshops of the second class are also run by joint-stock companies, while those of the third are in some instances conducted by policemen and yamen-runners, and even by wealthy convicts. Interest is mostly excessive, with perhaps a reduction in winter-time to enable the poorer people to redeem their warm clothing in cold weather. Pawnbrokers' licences are very expensive, especially those of the second class. Much of the proceeds is appropriated by the officials, who are notorious throughout the empire

for their grasping ways. These institutions are largely used to obtain the means to celebrate marriages and funerals. On both of these events the Chinese, like the Scotch, spend too much money.

The boat life of China, and of Canton in particular, is a thing by itself; nowhere else is it to be found to the same extent; nowhere else can be seen thousands of craft massed together, seething as it were, and suddenly bursting into life and movement.

What a marvellous sight it was! to see the swarms of people, men, women and children, the boats, big junks with their sterns high up, or tiny little sampans, forming the homes in which they are born, live and die—some not even leaving them to be buried on land, but finding their last resting-place in the depths below. One sees this mass of boats spreading far and near; covered in with all sorts of material, from the well-fitted hood, part of which slides along and makes further shelter, to the makeshift bits of matting pulled over some bent cane; they all seem quiet —then you suddenly see an oar moved, or a mast and sail raised, and a movement begins as that boat pushes its way out of the crowd, often accompanied by much loud talk, before it gets into the open channel and goes away on its journey. All native boats in the East have eyes painted on them, the Chinese argument being—

"S'pose no got eye, no can see,
S'pose no can see, no can walkee."

CANTON RIVER

The inhabitants of these boats are born, live, and die in them.

Living on the foreign settlement, the Shameen at Canton—which originally was little else than a mud-flat, and is now a beautifully laid out garden-like residential town, with its turfed roads and paved walks, tennis grounds overhung and shaded by fine banyan trees—you might, but for looking out on the river with its boat life, think you were in Europe. But cross the island and look over the creek at the other side, at the native city, and you realise that here is one of the many densely populated cities of China. You note the crowds of boats again, with produce of all kinds, propelled by men, women, and children; some by means of stern paddle-wheels, which are acted on by a sort of treadmill which the coolies walk on; some by the single oar; and some of the small ones even by the foot, the coolie sitting down and gripping the oar with his toes, as we would with our hands. These latter boats are the fastest, and have, I believe, been much used for letter-carrying.

Cross the English Bridge and you are in Canton, the most Chinese city of Southern China; penetrate into those picturesque streets, overhung by wonderful and grotesque signs, almost covered in overhead by matting and lattice-work; narrow and dimly lighted, with damp and slippery pavements and a jostling, hurrying, noisy crowd, all intent on their business, but nevertheless with time to cast a glance, sometimes suspicious, but mostly of amusement, at the oddly clothed foreigner.

But be careful how you go, for (if without a guide) a few minutes' walk is so confusing you will be completely lost. Here, without doubt, are the most picturesque streets in the world, and in time to come, when the people have grown less suspicious of foreigners, some able brush will show this to be so; but I could not put an easel up in the streets, and was warned not to collect a crowd, as there was considerable feeling against the British at that time.

With difficulty we made our way about the various streets, seeing the temples and curious sights, and visiting the shops, where gorgeous embroidered vestments were for sale, and where they do the delicate decoration of silverwork by inlaying with the blue feather of the kingfisher.

How quaint it all is, and how very different from anything else in the world!

You go into a shop, and the doors or gates are closed after you, and you wonder what will happen next. All that does happen is that nimble boys begin to show you goods you long to possess. Maybe a cup of tea is offered, green, without sugar or milk; and although doubtful of the water, one takes it.

There is much bargaining and haggling. No one thinks of giving the price asked, and the Chinese appreciate one who knows how to drive what seems a hard bargain.

CANTON

A General View—also of the Flowery Pagoda—from the Walls near the Five-Storied Pagoda.

CHAPTER V

CANTON FROM THE WALLS

City of the Dead Temples—British Yamen—Canton Water—My First Attempt to Paint in a Village.

GOING right across the city—a long walk on foot and mostly done in chairs carried by four coolies, who shout and call to clear the way, and when met by another chair push in against a shop to allow passage—the traveller reaches the city wall, and by following it comes to the well-known five-storied Pagoda, near which is the best and most complete view of Canton, with the Flowery Pagoda rising out of it, whilst here and there one sees those square tower-like buildings, the pawnshops. And a lovely view it is! Looking over this one cannot quite think of the overcrowding, the squalor, the dirt, which exists below; here we look among trees over the roofs of temples, with God's sky above, and nothing but brilliant sunlight and beauty around.

It is curious that the Chinese think it necessary to attempt to repair the old walls, and even to renew the roofs over the ancient guns, as if they were of any use—old iron cannon lying rusting on the ground—a great

and sufficient protection against an enemy in olden times, but of no use now.

On looking over the hilly country which lies outside this part of the city wall, I saw that it was one vast cemetery—hundreds, thousands of small stones marking the last resting-place of past generations of Cantonese. Here and there I could discern a more pretentious monument, mostly in semi-circular form, denoting the grave of a dead notability. A remarkable place is the City of the Dead. It is a series of temples and mausoleums, where those who can afford it lay their dead in wondrous coffins, sometimes enamelled and decorated, and they are left here until the soothsayer, or fortune-teller, declares where and when they shall be finally laid to rest. I am inclined to think that the wealth of the relative must be the chief thing which determines the length of time the coffin shall remain in these sacred precincts.

I saw a funeral procession on its way here; there were various articles of food fastened to the coffin. A live cock was one, and, by his lusty crowing, did not seem at all disturbed at his precarious position.

Another interesting place is the Temple of Five Hundred Genii. At the gates are great carved-stone josses guarding the entrance, which is of considerable extent. In the central or main hall five hundred saints or genii are placed in rows, and in front of each is

placed the small porcelain, and sometimes bronze, urn in which those who come to "chin-chin" their particular joss put the burning joss-sticks. The gods themselves are wonderfully varied in character, and apparently, from the number of joss-sticks in front of certain of them, some are greatly favoured beyond others. They are all lavishly gilded, some quite freshly gilt, others distinctly showing neglect—these, I suppose, being gods to whom there is no necessity for appeal, and therefore no call for devout worshippers to show their devotion by gilding. One in particular is pointed out to foreigners, Marco Polo; if anything like this image, he was no beauty, though a great traveller.

Almost in the centre of the city stands the old British Yamen, once the house of a great Cantonese mandarin. When the British took Canton, they annexed this beautiful place as the residence for their representative, and for many years it was occupied by our Consul and his staff. But these officials now live in modern houses built on the Shameen, and the old Yamen is the house of Consular students sent here to study the Chinese language. I went with a friend to call on them one Sunday, and was greatly taken with the quiet beauty of the place; the grounds are studded with fine trees, and paved walks and terraces — it is like an oasis set in the midst of dirty, noisy Canton. The students, whom we wanted to see, were not at home;

but of course we were hospitably invited to go inside and have a cooling drink, and wait for their arrival. So we sat on the terrace, smoking and chatting, when along the entrance-way tore some of the roughest-looking ponies I have seen. The riders were our friends—returning, to judge by the mud-bespattered appearance of horses and men, from a long and rough ride. The ponies were small, many-coloured and unclipped; long manes and tails and varied accoutrements giving the whole quite a wild look as they galloped into this secluded garden.

The water at Canton is of a very distinctive character, as was made apparent to me one day when painting a picturesque group of buildings, a Lekin Station, from across Defence Creek. An elderly Chinese came along and was much interested in my work, looking at it from the back and each side, and attempting to feel it with a long finger-nail. He ultimately asked me what I was painting it with; and as I did not at once reply, he picked one of my brushes out of the water-ball, and putting it to his nose smelt it and said, "Ah! blong all same Canton water."

My first nights here were somewhat disturbed by the weird noises which came from the Native City, it being just after China New Year—the queer sound of a native pipe, the booming of a drum, or tom-tom, and the calls of the watch on our own side; all added to the busy

activity of mosquitoes buzzing round my net, and occasionally making their way in. I felt I was in a country such as there is not elsewhere to be found.

I had a look at the little Macao Fort, which was stormed and taken by the British in past times; it seems but a poor little place now.

I went on a launch one day with a young friend some distance up river above Canton, landing at a small village, which I thought might yield artistic tribute; we were immediately surrounded by the villagers, who probably did not often see foreigners. After making our way through various temples, of no particular distinction, and going through a doorway in the wall, we came on a quaint little village street, quite narrow and lined with stalls and shops, and full of brilliant colour. I at once resolved to get a sketch of it, and took my position in a corner, under a wall and slightly raised; the crowd increased, and so did the noise, and when I was seen to open my colour-box it became in that crowd a case of "might was right." They fought and pushed and pulled to get a front place; the noise was deafening, but I sat there solidly for two hours, with my friend by my side trying to keep them from quite overwhelming me. Then I gave in and made a move to go, but was given to understand that they wanted to see what I had done; so my sketch was passed round and carefully examined, and then handed back to me, many of the elders bowing

graciously to signify their approval; and we returned to our boat escorted by the whole population. My friend remarked that, if they had known in time, they would probably have arranged things better and sold the front places to the highest bidder.

On the rivers around Canton are many "duckeries." An old junk, with wood platforms projecting out and afloat on the water, forms the house of the duck-keeper and his family, and of the ducks, which are bred in large numbers; they live on the river in this manner, and are partly fed there, but also are put ashore at suitable places for feeding, and are like a regiment of soldiers under command of an officer. The duck-keeper directs operations with a long slender pole. I *have* eaten Chinese duck, but I do not wish for any more.

CHAPTER VI

SHANGHAI

Arrival at Woosung—Up River—The Bund—Nanking Road—The Bubbling Well—The Departure from China of Sir Robert Hart.

THE approach to Shanghai from the sea offers a great contrast to that at Hong Kong. Here no towering Peak greets the traveller's eye; but, as the ship enters the mouth of the Whangpoo at Woo-sung (the Pilot Station), twelve miles from the city, the nearness of the great trading centre of the Far East is suggested by the large numbers of steam-craft, tugs, and dredgers interspersed with numerous native boats of quaint design, large and small, plying busily hither and thither.

The water-way is here a mile or more in width, bordered by a flat landscape, almost Dutch in character though not in colour. The course of the river has been altered considerably from time to time, by Nature and man, and the hard task of keeping open this great commercial highway is the duty of European conservators, who have their hands full.

Off Woosung the great liners lie anchored, until lightened of part of their cargo, that they may pass up

the river, and one may see the white hull of an *Empress*, or the dark mass of the P. & O. or German mails, or the blue funnels of a Holt cargo steamer. Here passengers are transferred to the launches waiting to take them up to Shanghai, on the last stage of their long journey. The yellow waters of the Whangpoo run swiftly, and this, added to the strong tide, makes navigation no easy matter.

Soon we began to see buildings of European character, plain and solid, and factories with tall chimneys; we could read the names of European commercial firms; and when we got up as far as Hongkew we realised that indeed we had reached the commercial metropolis of the Far East, reminding us of some of our ports at home in the similarity of the river approach and traffic.

I was met on landing at the wharf by my relatives, and, if it had not been for the number of coolies and rickshas, could almost imagine myself at home; but as I was driven away along the fine Bund, the chief thoroughfare facing the river, on which are all the finest commercial buildings, banks, and the fine Shanghai Club, I soon saw evidence of the mixed nature of the population.

There is no sharp line of demarcation in the European settlement of Shanghai between the streets inhabited by the Chinese and those occupied by Europeans; the houses in the Nankin Road, for instance, changing their

character as one proceeds, although the native city is and always has been walled in and quite separate from the foreign settlement.

The native-built houses usually differ from those built by Europeans, in being highly ornate and more cheaply and slightly constructed. The shop-signs in the Nankin and Foochow Roads and other thoroughfares are wonderfully picturesque in red, gold, and other colours, and of all shapes and sizes. Passing along, one notices crowds at the upper windows, drinking tea and smoking; while in the street, side by side with the fine equipage of the foreign merchant, may be seen the wheelbarrow, pushed by the coolie in scanty attire, carrying perhaps a whole family; a single passenger must be tilted to one side, to keep the barrow balanced. A wonderful medley of East and West! rickshas speeding along, bicycles ridden by natives and foreigners, and even the latest in motor cars, for which there must be a great future. The Chinese are taking up motors; they love speed, so the motor suits them; but as yet they can only use a motor in the foreign settlement where are roads fit to drive on. I have heard that on first seeing a motor car a Chinaman remarked: "What thing! No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee! Hi yah!"

No one can visit Shanghai without realising that it is destined to be of still greater importance when it becomes the centre, as it soon must, of a large

railway traffic, as well as being what it is now, a great seaport.

The more central part of the settlements is the most densely populated, and the land very valuable in all the Concessions, the British and American being under one Council. The residential quarter, much as at home, has been gradually pushed out farther and farther from the centre of the city.

The American Concession of Hongkew is reached by crossing the new iron bridge over the Soochow Creek, and has a long and valuable frontage on the Whangpoo River, where large "godowns" (warehouses) and wharves, shipbuilding and engineering yards, are springing up on every side. Lying back from the river is a large residential quarter. In the opposite direction by the Nankin Road one reaches the fine Racecourse and Recreation Ground, which only a few years ago was open fields. Here the foreign residents of sporting proclivities formerly held their "paper-hunts." They are obliged to go farther afield now; but with commendable foresight this fine open space was rescued from the hands of the builder, and thus preserved for future generations. Beyond the Racecourse is the Bubbling Well Road, so called from the famous well at the farther end of it. As to this, Mr. J. R. Chitty, in his "Things Seen in China," gives an interesting story told by a Chinese Amah. "A certain young woman of low but wealthy parentage having

'married well' from the social standpoint, and attained apparently to a somewhat high standard of affection for her elderly husband, found herself threatened with divorce, owing to her childless condition. Her lord having given her but one more calendar year to fulfil the obligation of presenting him with the necessary son, she wandered forth alone to bewail her fate; for the equivalent of perpetual 'old maidhood' lay before her, and she was but twenty-three years old, though married eight years. She sat by the well and wept to all her gods, her tears falling into the little streamlet. Presently the silent waters began to bubble furiously; whereupon she rose up, and, adjourning to the nearest shrine, told a priest the story, and vowed that a proper joss-house should be built as near the spot as possible, if a son was born within a twelvemonth. It fell out as she desired, and the joss-house was built. The proof remains in the fact that the well still bubbles!"

This is one of the chief boulevards used by the foreign residents in the hot summer evenings for driving, and also by the well-to-do Chinamen, who have not been against taking advantage of some of the luxuries of the Westerners; for among the stream of carriages on this favourite road one can see in a well-built and equipped open carriage, with mafoos (coachmen) uniformed in white linen and with a red tassel on their hats, probably three or four solemn-looking Chinese (they often more than

fill the carriage)—or, again, a young spark in his high dog-cart driving his fast pony, his mafoo standing or sitting behind. I noticed that most of the Chinese of this class wore Panama hats—the only article of apparel in any way approaching our own, but usually set on the head with a knowing tip to the side, and part of the brim turned down.

The Chinese favour very fast ponies; and so fast do they drive that the action, being forced, becomes more what we know as "pacing" than trotting. Their main idea is to pass anything else on the road.

The houses round here are well built, of European character, and often of striking architecture, varying from the more ordinary solid red brick edifice with spacious verandahs, to the black and white old English style, with one or two of even greater pretensions and almost palatial in size. They stand in considerable grounds, with many trees, and are altogether delightful residences, from which (I can testify) is dispensed lavish hospitality. These are the homes of the well-to-do merchants; but here and there we find that a wealthy Chinese has stepped in and purchased one, and lives under European rule, and pays his rates and taxes like any other good citizen.

Good services of electric trams connect up this and the other suburbs with the central part. The foreigner has pushed even across the big yellow Wangpoo River

and built many factories, engineering and other works on the farther bank; and from the Bund, which is the hub of Shanghai, constant intercourse with this quarter is kept up by numerous steam-launches. On this part of the river are anchored many ships large and small, with one or two gunboats of the Western powers always on guard, and with a few small Chinese war-vessels mostly employed in the Customs Service.

Speaking of the latter service, I had the good fortune, during my stay in Shanghai, to see a most touching scene which I should have been sorry to miss: this was nothing less than the departure of that grand old man of China, Sir Robert Hart, whose name must ever be indissolubly connected with the history of that great empire, for which he has done so much. A notable scene it was, not from its pomp or ceremony, but rather from the simplicity of it all. It impressed one with the great respect in which their chief was held by all ranks of the service over which he presided.

The Chinese love fire-works, and use them on every possible occasion; and not being allowed to do so on land in a foreign settlement, they had secured some junks near by, and at the time of departure sent forth volleys of banging crackers, wheels, rockets, and the like, with a prodigious noise, amidst which the launch moved off. So departed from China one of the greatest Englishmen of our time. Long may he enjoy his well-earned rest.

There is almost as much contrast between East and West on the river, as on land. Off the native city lie scores of junks, of all kinds, some from Ningpo, with their very high sterns where the families on board live: I say families advisedly, because in many cases there are several generations on board. Grotesque painting decorates the outside, gaily coloured pictures of wondrous animals in all colours. Then there are the large junks which carry passengers to the various rivers of this part. There are other boats which seem past moving, and simply serve as homes for those on board; and there they lie, side by side, the population passing from one to the other. They almost seem like an extension of the city itself, so thick are they. And, oh! the filth and dirt, the garbage of all kinds! The measly looking cur dogs prowl about the water-side and among the boats, picking up what they can.

SHANGHAI: THE NEW MALOO, NATIVE CITY

CHAPTER VII

SHANGHAI NATIVE CITY

Its Entrance and Streets—The New Maloo—The Old Tea House and its Legend—The Piece-Goods Temple—Difficulties of Painting—My Sedan Chair—Police Interference—"You wanchee one Licence"—Permit Obtained—My Work at a China Shop and at the Old Tea House.

THE Native City is reached by passing through the French Concession. It forms as complete a contrast to the European Settlement as can well be imagined. On approaching the boundary between the two, we notice that the houses diminish in size and importance, and are much more Chinese in style; but at the dirty little creek which forms the real boundary line this creek sweeps right round the original Settlement to the Soochow Creek, and formed at that time a natural means of defence which is still known as Defence Creek. Along this creek there are many small shops for the sale of all sorts of hardware, and many a good old bronze has been picked up here. We then reach the old walls of the Native City. Huddled against them are dirty native houses, booths, and stalls, and on crossing the bridge and entering the gate we meet with perhaps the greatest contrast in all China.

Within a few hundred yards of these modern

buildings, constructed according to all the latest ideas of civilisation, we are at once carried back to the conditions prevailing in the Middle Ages in our own country.

Plunging into a low, dark, and evil-smelling tunnel, or passage, through the wall, we see the old gates fitted with immense wooden bars for closing them at night. Beggars are everywhere, cripples with grotesque and unusual deformities, and other sufferers. The air is filled with the loud cries of the small huckster announcing the nature of his wares.

Quaint little shops line the narrow passages, whose greasy pavement exhales the rich, close, and altogether peculiar odour so familiar to all old residents in the Celestial Empire. A few more narrow streets and we come to the New Maloo, so called, of greater width—and, at any rate, a potential carriage road, if indeed a carriage could reach it, though at present this is quite out of the question. Leaving this picturesque street with its quaint signs, busy shops, and crowds of people, one dives once more through intricate passages and emerges at the Bird Market, there to be deafened by the ceaseless songs of the birds, the shouts of the salesmen and their customers. Near at hand, surrounded by water, stands the Old Tea House, famous as the original from which the inspiration was taken for the design on the willow-pattern plate. Here are bridges of zig-zag pattern leading to the beautiful old building, with its many

gables and quaint windows of oyster shell, built on piles and tilted considerably out of the perpendicular. One can see it all on the old blue plates.

Legend of the Willow Pattern

(*From "How to Know Old China"*)

"Koong-Shee was the daughter of a wealthy mandarin, and loved Chang, her father's secretary. The mandarin, who wished his daughter to marry a wealthy suitor, forbade the marriage, and shut his daughter in an apartment on the terrace of the house which is seen in the pattern to the left of the temple. From her prison Koong-Shee watched 'the willow-tree blossom,' and wrote poems in which she expressed her ardent longings to be free ere the peach bloomed. Chang managed to communicate with her by means of a writing enclosed in a small cocoanut-shell, which was attached to a tiny sail, and Koong-Shee replied in these words, 'Do not wise husbandmen gather the fruits they fear will be stolen?' and sent them in a boat to her lover.

"Chang, by means of a disguise, entered the mandarin's garden and succeeded in carrying off Koong-Shee. The three figures on the bridge represent Koong-Shee with a distaff, Chang carrying a box of jewels, and the mandarin following with a whip.

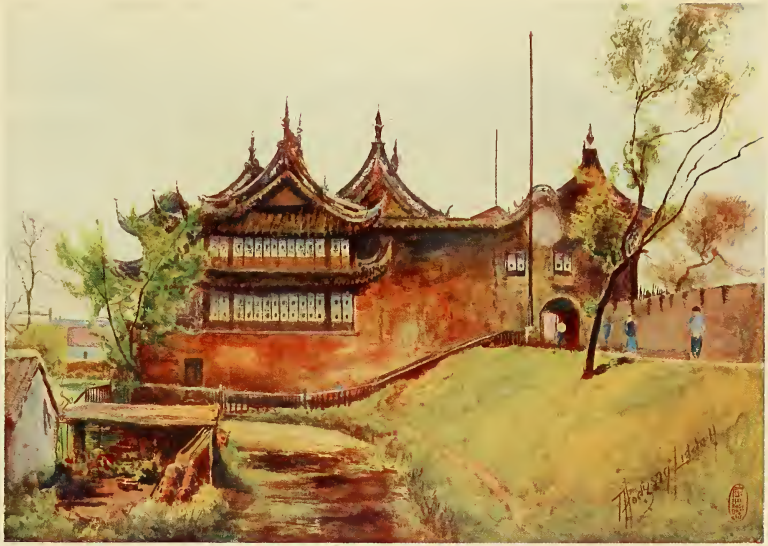
"The lovers escaped, and 'lived happily ever after' in

Chang's house on a distant island until, after many years, the outraged wealthy suitor found them out, and burnt their house, when, from the ashes of the bamboo grove, their two spirits rose, phœnix-like, in the form of two doves."

These bridges are lined with people in indolent attitudes sunning themselves, many of them having birds in cages, or tethered to sticks or their wrists. How the Chinaman loves a bird! and how keen is the competition to obtain good songsters, which fetch high prices! To this quaint and beautiful place he brings his pets, and stands with one, two, or even three cages, holding them in turn out over the water in the sunshine; listening intently, and with evident delight, to their music. The "yellow eyebrow" thrush is the chief favourite: it has a low and mellow note and fetches $1 or $1.50, cage and all; larks also are sometimes on sale. The scene inside the Old Tea House is a busy one; crowds drinking tea, smoking, gossiping, and transacting business. It seems to me that from this little spot alone, one could form a tolerably correct conception of the Chinese character — lovers of peace and beauty, and withal industrious and keen in business. Such in a nutshell is my estimate of the qualities possessed by the Chinese, qualities indeed of which any nation might be proud, and without which any people must soon degenerate.

With its great roofs turned up at the corners, the

SHANGHAI: THE PIECE-GOODS TEMPLE,
CITY WALL



"Piece-Goods Temple" (so called because it is largely used by the Chinese merchants who deal in Manchester piece-goods) on the City Wall is a fine specimen of the architecture of Southern China. It also has oyster-shell windows and woodwork framing of most quaint design, the centre of each casement having a small square of glass, thus increasing the dim light admitted by the oyster shells.

I have heard travellers say that there is nothing to see in the Native City of Shanghai. All I can say is that such people must be entirely lacking in appreciation of things quaint and beautiful. The few streets and buildings in the Native City which I have mentioned are in themselves worth a long journey, so intensely interesting and peculiarly characteristic are they.

My readers can well imagine that it was not an easy task to paint in such surroundings, and at the outset I must own that I met with considerable difficulty. With the aid of my friends I had a Sedan chair, so constructed that I could get shelter from the sun and at the same time light for my work. It was raised so that I could, from my seat, see over the heads of the people who were sure to gather round. I had this conveyed to the New Maloo, and arranged for it to be stored in a temple near by when I was not at work.

No sooner had I started painting than my troubles began. The crowd collected; and, in spite of the efforts of my boy and various followers to keep them at a distance,

their curiosity was too great to be restrained. "What is this foreign devil doing? Why does he sit in a chair draped in white?" (the colour of mourning). I had all unconsciously used white calico to drape my chair, forgetting that, here, white was a sign of mourning; but, if they supposed there was a corpse inside, they must soon have found it was a fairly lively one.

Soon after this a native policeman in quaint attire came by, and, pushing the crowd aside, carefully scrutinised the drawing I was doing. He marched off with an air of great importance, returned in a little while with a comrade, and both repeated the performance; then after further conversation with my retainers they went away.

I went on quietly with my work, and soon found that when the crowd could see the picture growing, and that it portrayed the scene in front of them, they became highly interested. On my return, however, to the same spot next morning, I had hardly started to work when the guardians of the peace again made their appearance. Their leader this time had silver buttons, and was accompanied by his underlings, and it needed little observation to see that a crisis in my fortunes was at hand. Accordingly I put on my best expression and endeavoured to smile as sweetly as possible at them, and told my boy to do the same.

Mr. Silver-buttons approached me politely, the crowd readily making way for him. Looking at my work with

a critical air, he made remarks which, of course, I could not in the least understand; so I called my boy and asked him to take the gentleman aside so that he should not obstruct the view, and to talk to him as long as he liked. Once more I was left in peace to work on till my accustomed hour.

That night I said to my boy, "What thing in city, boy?" He replied, "Policeman he say, you wanchee makee map in city, you wanchee one licence."

A talk with my friends resulted in my return to the same spot next day, but accompanied by a gentleman with more knowledge of the Chinese than I then possessed. I had hardly begun work when a most important functionary, this time with gold buttons, arrived with Mr. Silver-buttons in attendance and many other satellites, and again the same performance was enacted.

My friend now took the field, and, drawing them to one side, a great discussion ensued. For two hours they kept up their discourse, while I worked on peacefully, smiling at *my* crowd, and taking care they should occasionally see what I was doing. I think it was quite a toss-up which group held the more important position. I wished the conversationalists to do so, and I think in this they succeeded. When I left the city that evening, it was with the knowledge that, if my work was to go on, I must obtain official permission from the city

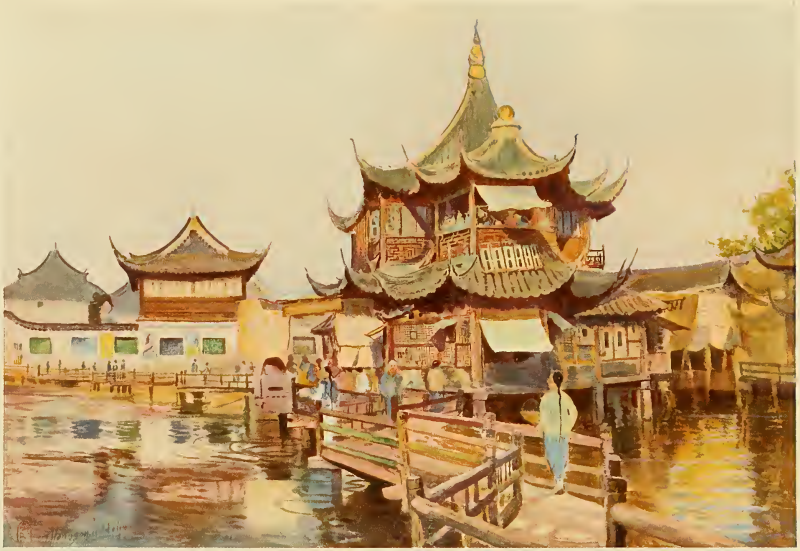
authorities. My doubts as to the possibility of this were soon set at rest by a letter kindly written by an influential Chinese gentleman to the city officials, to whose bureau I made my way. I was most politely received, and conducted from seat to seat, and from room to room, until ushered into the presence of the chief man himself. After much discussion between him and my interpreter I was informed to my great satisfaction that I could sketch where I wished, on condition I informed the police in what part of the city I wished to work, so that they might send a guard for my protection. Such attention I had not expected, and my grateful thanks are due to the authorities for looking after me so well.

Meantime I had the covering of my chair altered, replacing the white by a less-noticeable dark blue. I then had it moved to a fresh place, in the New Maloo, just outside a large china shop, the owner of which began to remonstrate with my boy when he saw the crowd gathering round, thinking no doubt that his business would be likely to suffer. At that moment my guard of police arrived on the scene, and my boy informed them of the shopkeeper's objections. The only answer vouchsafed by the police was promptly to run him into his own shop, where he was told to stay.

When painting the Old Tea House, I had to place my chair close to the water's edge so that no one could get

SHANGHAI: NATIVE CITY

This old Tea-House is said to be the origin of the Willow Pattern Plate.



in front; but the crowd quite blocked the narrow street behind me. On my last day in this place, a letter was handed to me by my "boy," having the usual red band across it, and written in Chinese. When I asked him what it meant, he said, "Master, that shopman behind you, he talkee my you have spoilee his pidgin" (pigeon English for "business"). I said, "How much, boy?" "One dollar, master," was the reply.

That shopman was wise; he made no further bother, and got his money. But it was with a sigh of relief that I finished my work here; the heat was very great, and the smells very bad, while amongst the crowds who daily assembled round me were often most loathsome creatures—many times I would look up from my work, to see perhaps a man with smallpox sores. Then the dirtiness of some of them! My friends used to laugh, as they saw me, before starting for the Native City, sprinkle myself plentifully with Keating's Powder; but it was necessary.

CHAPTER VIII

SHANGHAI (*continued*)

Drive to Loongwha—The Temples—Tea on a Grave—Objectionable Practice of Burial—Opium—Public Burning of the Fittings of an Opium Den—Prisoners in the Cangue—A Hailstorm.

A PLEASANT drive, and one often taken by visitors, is by the Bubbling Well Road or through the French Settlement, and across the Sicawai Creek past the Arsenal to Loongwha, where there is a fine pagoda and large temples. The latter show in a remarkable manner what I would call the roof architecture of Southern China. The ridges stand up above the tiling, and are most profusely decorated with openwork carving, &c.; the front temple in this case showing in the centre the two fish, emblem of plenty, and on the other side the dragon, and at the ends swans. The corners are most gracefully curved, and the points carried up high in a striking and quaint manner, giving most beautiful "lines" to the whole design. Under each point hang bells, which tinkle sweetly in the breeze. In this class of building, and, indeed, in most buildings in China, the roof is the great and outstanding feature.

LOONGWHA TEMPLES, NEAR SHANGHAI

While I was at work here one day my friends drove out to join me, bringing tea, and on my asking innocently "Did they propose to take it amidst my crowd"? "Oh, no," said a lady, "we will find a nice grave near." This, to me, sounded rather strange; but obediently we went off in search of this delectable spot; and, sure enough, a few minutes' walk and we saw an enclosure where, on a nice green mound, were trees giving pleasant shade. There we made our tea and took it, a few natives looking on and ready to seize the fragments left.

Perhaps the most objectionable practice in this part of China is the method the people have of disposing of their dead. Ancestor-worship in itself is to my mind a very beautiful idea, and, I think, one of the strongest points in the habits and character of the Chinese; but I cannot see why they should drop the coffin down at any point thought fit—be it near human habitation or a public pathway matters nothing to them. There they lay it down, and are supposed to cover it with earth; but in many cases this is not done, and the coffin with its gruesome contents is left exposed to the weather. Even if on occasion the earth is put over the coffin, it is generally insufficient.

This happens all over this part of China; so that in the back, or even front, garden of a foreigner's house one may see a grave mound, although in these cases it has

assumed a good covering of green turf, as in the case of the one on which we had tea.

On my way out one day to Loongwha I found just under a bridge crossing a small creek this notice: "The carriages must take care to pass this bridge, for it will be broken." The pony had to be taken out and led across, and then the carriage pushed over on planks.

All the world knows how the opium question is stirring China at the present time. I was present at one little incident in connection with this. Notices were posted that on a Sunday afternoon, at some tea-gardens on the Bubbling Well Road, there would be publicly burned all the furnishings, fittings, pipes, &c., of an opium-den recently bought up and closed in Shanghai. My brother and I went to see this. There was a large crowd of Chinese as well as foreigners of all nations, and sympathy for the anti-opium movement was shown. Speeches were delivered in English and Chinese, and all the articles appertaining to opium-smoking were heaped into a sort of funeral pyre, and, being well soaked with paraffin or other inflammable stuff, were burnt. I may mention that most of the silver fittings of the pipes had been carefully removed—"Waste not, Want not."

The treatment of native criminals in Shanghai did not appeal to me. It was not a pleasant sight, in the course of your walk or drive, to see the poor wretches being driven by uniformed native police slowly along

the streets, with the cangue, a wooden frame which opens to allow it to be fastened round the neck. The cangue is very heavy, and the wearer cannot lie down, nor can he reach his mouth to feed himself. Besides, on the criminal is a notice describing his offence. The idea is, I believe, to show how he has lost "face," and to deter others from offending in the same manner. There are the chain-gangs, too, working on the roads and recreation-grounds, dragging heavy rollers, &c.

Fires are rather too frequent; and, although there is a fine volunteer fire-brigade, it would seem as if the time cannot be far distant when the Council of this most progressive place will be obliged to have a paid professional brigade. The volunteer brigade is largely recruited from the younger foreigners, and their employers are large-minded enough to allow them to be called away from their business, or if out all night (as frequently happens), to overlook the unfitness for work next day. But this surely cannot continue, nor is it right that it should. In one week, during my stay, there were three considerable fires, which must have been not only a very heavy tax on the energies of the brigade but also on the patience of the employers. One fire I saw was of some native buildings and a small wood-yard. The whole thing went up like matchwood; and but for the very smart work of the firemen, with their native assistants, it must have extended very much

farther. The night before, we heard the fire-call and learned that some large oil-mills were destroyed; and next night large wood-yards in Hongkew were burnt out.

The variations of climate are about the same, I fancy, as ours. I arrived in Shanghai early in April, to find it cold and wet, and that kind of weather prevailed throughout that month. On one occasion there was a great hailstorm. I was driving with my brother at the time, in a victoria, and so large were the hailstones that we were glad to hold the leather apron up in front to protect ourselves. When it ceased, we saw the small Chinese children running to collect handfuls of the stones, which were as large as hazel-nuts and did considerable damage, breaking windows, &c. In May the weather improved and got warmer, and by the end of the month it was hot, but not unpleasantly. At this time I set off on my house-boat trip.

CHAPTER IX

SOOCHOW AND TAHU

House-Boats—No. 1 Boy—The Shanghai-Nanking Railway—On our Boats—Curiosity of the Country People—My First Impressions of Chinese Waterways—Bridges—Water-raising Machines—Passing through a Village.

AN expedition to Soochow and Tahu which I was asked to join, and which proved most enjoyable, was made at Easter. Two house-boats, the *Togo* and the *Leila*, provided ample accommodation for our party; one boat was quite luxuriously fitted up, and the other was quite comfortable. One could not wish for more comfortable travelling than these Shanghai house-boats afford. Of course they are specially built for foreigners' use.

The No. 1 Boy was instructed to make all arrangements for our journey. I may mention that the No. 1 Boy in a European's house in the East is the chief native servant, and occupies a similar position to the butler at home (all servants are called "boys," whatever their age); he in most cases runs the house; he engages all the other servants, and gets his squeeze (commission) from them and from the tradespeople, and although he may be paid a fair wage, his "extras" are quite considerable in a house of any size.

I heard the orders given to the No. 1—Yung Yung—who has been in the family nearly all his life. They were short but clear:—

"Boy, in two three day Missessee, my, young Missessee, Missessee O. and Mister T. (myself) all go house-boat, seven piecee man, you go house-boats, talkee that boatman, make all thing proper." These few instructions were quite enough to insure everything being made ready for our trip.

To save time and get quickly up country, the boats were ordered to proceed in advance to Soochow, where we would meet them, while we travelled by the new Shanghai-Nanking Railway, which is quite equal to any of our home railways in smooth running and accommodation. At Soochow we found our boats waiting for us in the creek quite near the station, which is outside the city walls. Like our own folks sixty or seventy years ago, the Chinese try to keep their railways outside the cities, and I suppose in time to come they will like ourselves be sorry for it.

We at once went on board, and were soon being quietly propelled along by our coolies with three great oars or yuloos, two to each boat with three coolies to each yuloo; it is a very pleasant movement, and a delightful change, after the noise of the city life, to get away quietly on the water. I in particular felt the relief of being away from the crowds of natives swarming round me as I worked.

We left Soochow at once, being anxious to get farther up to the district of the Tahu (Great Lake). Our first afternoon's journey took us above Mutu, where, near a picturesque bridge, we tied up for the night. No sooner had we come to anchor than the curious native appeared, and many crowded round on the banks watching us; they were much interested in the ladies and children of our party—we men are more common, and do not excite such curiosity.

The country folks are most inquisitive about European ladies and children, and wish to closely examine and finger their dresses. The fair, daintily-dressed children seemed specially to please them. The Chinese are very fond of children, and I have heard it said that a foreigner might go anywhere in China, not only with safety but sure of great courtesy, if accompanied by a young child.

It was on this trip that I got my first impressions of the creeks and rivers which lead into the interior, and along which for centuries has been borne the merchandise of China. Until now, water carriage has been the principal means of conveyance in this (and indeed a large) part of China, and by water one can go almost anywhere. It is like a vast network spreading all over the country, extending far and near; providing at the same time easy means of irrigation, maintaining thereby the richness and fertility of the land and a ready means of transit for its products.

The wonderful waterways of China have been a source of wealth to all and sundry, affording great employment of capital and labour; and although now railways are being rapidly built, and will doubtless prove of inestimable value, it is to be hoped that these great waterways will not be allowed to fall into disuse. Here one sees a junk deep in the quiet water moving along under her great sail, there a small sampan, and—sign of the times!—there again a noisy, puffing steam launch, towing her train of native boats, all laden to the water's edge with the various products of this rich land, or conveying inland some of the manufactures of Western countries.

We pass through many bridges built of finely dressed stone, some with one span, and others with several, and reminding one strongly of the Venetian bridges; and I could not help reflecting on how much, in the past, Southern Europe must have borrowed from China, and how things are now reversed, and China is borrowing from the West. It is but the inevitable swing of the pendulum.

Soon after leaving Mutu, we began to approach a more hilly country, but with great tracts of flat land, through which the waterways ran, fertilising and enriching it. The rich yet tender green of springtime showed the luxuriant growth of highly cultivated land—belts of brilliant yellow, the flower of the rape—clumps of trees here and there; the whole making a beautiful landscape.

NEAR MUTU, ABOVE SOOCHOW

On rising ground stands a high pagoda showing out against the distant hills.

In the fields we could see the industrious people tilling their land, some hoeing and weeding, others carrying liquid from tanks, and spreading it on the soil, while the smell was wafted in the air towards us. Nothing is wasted in China.

This method of intense cultivation by the use of rank manure does not commend itself to the foreigner, who requires to be very careful as to what vegetables he eats, and is often obliged to avoid them altogether, especially salads and uncooked vegetables.

On the banks of the creeks are fitted quaintly formed machines for lifting the water up for irrigation. A long wooden trough is carried down into the water, with a continuous belt with pieces of wood fitting the trough; some of these are worked by coolies and some larger ones by water buffaloes, and the creaking noise of grinding wood is heard far off in the still evening air as the coolies or animals go their monotonous round.

Here we come to a row of quaint stone structures, widows' monuments, and entrances leading to the tombs of former great ones of the district.

Passing through one village, we had great difficulty to get our boats along between the houses on the canal; it was so narrow that at times we rubbed along touching houses on both sides, with the natives viewing us from

their windows. Heated arguments arose between our coolies and others as to the best method of getting along; and people crowded on the bridges, to watch our slow progress and criticise us and our belongings. Our cook would take such an opportunity as this to go ashore and make purchases of chickens, eggs, &c., and join us farther on.

By-and-bye we reached a wide stretch of water near Kwangfoong, the character of which in the Tahu district is somewhat akin to our English Lake district. The hills are rather of the same character, soft and green, and rising to more ruggedness farther up. At Kwangfoong is a fine pagoda; the village is small and unimportant with various temples; there is a fine three-span bridge crossing the water here, a view of which I give in my picture taken from a mandarin's grave on the hillside.

An attempt was made to shoot some snipe near here, on a flat and marshy island, but the season was late, and the birds not plentiful, so that our larder did not greatly benefit.

We stayed some days in this beautiful neighbourhood, making various excursions, examining temples, and sketching. Our two boats anchored in a snug corner under a hill, where we received visits from many natives, who were especially interested in us at meal-times, and would try to look in at our cabin windows when we

AT WONG-DONG: CORMORANT FISHING

were at the table. But they objected to be photographed or sketched, and a sure way to make them go off was to point a camera at them, or make a pretence of drawing them, when they would immediately hide their faces while moving away.

Our return journey was by much the same route, but it was just as interesting seeing it all again; indeed one seemed to enjoy it even more. One object which greatly attracted me was a bridge over the Canal at a small village, Wong-Dong; on the bridge was a quaint old joss-house. I was able to make a sketch of this, with some cormorant fishing-boats in the foreground. The method of catching fish with cormorants, as far as I could see, was as follows: Spars project over the side of the boat, and on these are perched the birds; the fisherman has a light cane, and with this lightly touches the bird he wishes to go, and it immediately dives for a fish; on the bird's return to the boat, the fisherman takes the fish. A ring placed round the cormorant's neck prevents it swallowing the fish.

The Woo Men Bridge at Soochow is another and one of the finest of these beautiful buildings crossing the Grand Canal, cleanly built of face stone, and taking a graceful sweep upwards and over the great arch.

Soochow is rather like Hangchow, but not, I think, so beautiful, in spite of the Chinese proverb which I mention in my Hangchow chapters. The streets are

narrow, with good shops, and the usual bustling crowds. By the way these narrow streets seem to me to give a greatly exaggerated idea of the population of Chinese cities, the people being so crowded together in the narrow lanes.

We had a look at the famous pagoda in this city. It is of great age, nine storeys in height, with an immense circumference at the base. It is built with double walls, the staircase occupying the space between.

THE BRIDGE AT KWANGFOONG

As seen from a Mandarin's grave.

CHAPTER X

HANGCHOW

House-boat Trip to Bing-oo, Hangchow, &c.—Sketching Confucian Temple at Bing-oo — Crockery Purchase — Sacred Tortoise — Widows' Monument — My Friend's Efforts to Photograph—On to Kashing—Gramaphone.

I GLADLY accepted a friend's kind loan of his house-boat, and proceeded to make arrangements for an excursion through some of the waterways round Shanghai. Another kindly friend, who was to accompany me for the first week or so, fitted up electric fans, with accumulators strong enough to work for some weeks, a very great boon for the hot nights we were now getting. The *Scout* was a roomy house-boat. The lawdah (skipper) engaged his crew of six coolies. My boy agreed to add to his other duties that of cook, and laid in many stores, solid and liquid; the ice chest was filled up, and a further store put under the fore-deck, with many bottles of filtered and distilled water—and we were ready.

A beautiful evening at the end of May saw us all on board, and my relatives waving adieus from the Boat Club platform, as we moved slowly out of the Soochow Creek. Then we fastened on to a train of native boats, behind a steam launch, and away we went up the

Whangpo on our journey. There was a call to the boy for tea, and after this my friend and I sat on the deck, watching the landscape as we moved along in the quiet evening hours. We met many craft on this busy waterway, all going to and fro from the great centre of commerce with their loads of exports or imports. The extent of the imports the traveller soon gathers as he goes along; and even in small villages one sees bills in Chinese characters advertising So-and-so's cigarettes—in which I believe there is enormous trade—or somebody else's cocoa, or soap, or sewing-machines. One need not read the statistics to realise the importance of the catering for this teeming population of thrifty people. Thrifty they are in all ways: nothing is wasted. On the native boats to which we were attached there seemed to be crowds of passengers, some lying about smoking, some preparing their evening meal, and some gambling: never can you see a large number of Chinese together without gambling. It is the spirit of the dealer, the longing for hazard, which is inherent in this people.

Early the next morning we reached, and anchored at, Bing-oo, a quaint and purely Chinese small town, walled in, of course, as all Chinese towns are. Here I soon found subjects for my brush, chief being the Temple of Confucius near by the water gate. The only place from which I could see my subject, and could hope to get peace to work, was a small projecting piece of land against the

THE TEMPLE AT BING-OO: WATER GATE
AND CITY WALL

Creek, and surrounded partly by buildings. By judicious "palm oil" I got possession of this, and after my coolies had cleared it I got to work. But oh the crowds! Hundreds came — I could see them streaming across the bridge lower down, and making their way round; and when they found they couldn't get close to me, they crowded on to my foreground opposite me and practically blocked out my subject.

Then my lawdah came in; he procured a rope, and stretching it from a wall near me, right across for 30 or 40 yards, made all the people get outside it, and, by stationing coolies along, kept the crowd there. Each day when finishing work I turned my picture round for them to look at—an act which, I was told, was much appreciated.

Near by me, beside the Temple, there was a large tank surrounded by a fine stone balustrade, and containing a very large sacred tortoise; we threw food in, and he graciously came to the surface and exhibited his length to us—about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

I had to purchase some crockery for use on the boat in this town; and after much bargaining, in which it appeared to me half the population of the street took part, as they crowded into the shop and round the door, I bought for little over a Mexican dollar various dishes of nice china, of quaint and artistic design and colour. The same number of dishes at home would have cost

me five times as much, and not been nearly so pretty. I found, however, my boy was not overpleased, as he seemed to think that things of European character would be more suitable for my use; but his only remark to me was, as he pointed to the articles, "All same Chinee, no b'long foleign man."

In this neighbourhood I saw good specimens in stone of what are known as Widows' Monuments. They are erected by the relatives to the memory of the widow who has remained faithful to her husband; and some are very beautiful — great blocks of stone set up, and the horizontal pieces put in with tenons, as we would do with woodwork.

My friend was a keen photographer and great on finding "good views," and walking by the water one day he said excitedly, "Ah, now I see where to get that pagoda from," and excitedly jumped on to what seemed like a piece of land jutting out into the water. Alas! it was not solid, and in he went, up to his knees in slush dredged from the river and laid there to be used as manure! After much pulling I got him out, but had to desire him, when we got into the sampan, to sit at the other end while we crossed to our boat. A coolie was then detailed to scrape and wash him down till he was fit to come on board.

After a few days at Bing-oo we up anchor and started once more, this time propelled by coolies using the two

BING-OO: A WIDOW'S MONUMENT

烈師

great oars, or yuloes, a slow but very pleasant means of progress. Without event we reached Kashing, an old town, once important, but greatly devastated in the Taiping Rebellion: large spaces within the walls still show nothing but ruins.

Mooring our boat at the Custom-house wharf we were soon greeted by the genial Commissioner, who seemed rather surprised to find that an artist should have come to that part of the world to sketch. He kindly volunteered to show us round, and suggested a visit by boat to a lake near. We therefore hired a Chinese boat of less draught than our own, and went off on it accompanied by Mr. Commissioner and one of his friends. The friend put on board a gramaphone, and as we moved along the busy waterway he set it going with one of those popular laughing songs; and never before or since have I seen Chinese laugh so much or so heartily. On all sides they took it up, and, where they could, hurried along the banks to keep near us; but gradually our speed lessened, and when we called out to the lawdah to go on, his reply mixed with laughter was, "Master, my no can yulo, so muchee laugh." But we reached the lake, a rather pretty stretch of water with low hills round. We visited a small temple nicely placed on an eminence on the banks, and amused the natives with the gramaphone once more.

CHAPTER XI

HANGCHOW SETTLEMENT

Arrival at Hangchow Settlement—Mosquitoes—The West Lake—Causeways—Islands—Lin Yin Temples—The Whistling Stone.

AT Kashing we again got on to a train of boats behind a steam launch, and started at midnight to Hangchow, the neighbourhood of which place was the principal object of this trip. Here we were greeted by the British Consul, who had been advised of my coming by my friends in Shanghai. The Consulate stands by itself across the Grand Canal from the British Settlement and Japanese Concession. We spent but one night here, and a lively one it was. Our boat swarmed with the largest mosquitoes I have seen, strong and muscular too, judging by the way they bit me through my clothing. I was glad when morning came and we moved off, to get as near as possible to what I felt would be my principal sketching ground.

The West Lake was originally little more than a morass. A past dynasty, who favoured this beautiful part of their country by frequent residence, made of the marsh a beautiful lake, extending from the west wall of the city, some miles along the valley. It is crossed and

HANGCHOW: A BRIDGE ON THE CAUSE-WAY, WEST LAKE

divided up by causeways, and here the character of the Chinese is shown in combining utility and beauty.

These causeways are covered with turf, which form a fine galloping ground, and a narrow paved walk for pedestrians. Many willow trees give shade and add to the sylvan beauty, and every here and there one comes to a quaint high-backed bridge with the ruins of an old gateway on the top.

The ponies go up and down the steps of these bridges as to the manner born; but my friend, to whom riding was a new experience, had grave doubts as to whether he would reach the other side or be thrown into the lake. Dotted about are islands, one group in particular, joined together by zigzag stone bridges, with pavilions, tea-houses, and temples which are at once memorial to some dead notable, and a pleasant resort to-day.

The lake stretches far along, and the hills rise higher on either side, and now and then a ruined pagoda is seen, relics of the time when the Chinese got their pleasure by ascending those high places, and enjoying a bird's-eye view of the country round. Their pictures of both past and present are drawn as from some such place. An old Chinese proverb says:—

> "There is Heaven above
> And Soochow and Hangchow below,"

and I felt the truth of this when I saw the beauty spread out before me.

The lake scenery is quite different from anything which we have at home. Gaily painted pleasure-boats move slowly across the water, causing a gentle ripple on its calm and peaceful surface.

Let me take my readers past the beds of lotus, with their lovely pink flowers; let us sail under the bridges, to the opposite side to the beautiful pailau in front of the Imperial Library, with its red-coloured walls; let us enter this place of seclusion, and look at the fine building with its many thousands of books, which now stands where was once an imperial palace. On past the Red Pagoda, now in ruins, to the head of the lake. Let us wander for a few miles to the Lin Yin Temples, where we shall find architecture not to be surpassed anywhere. Here we may see a small stone pagoda, which seems as though it were the model for a larger building, and, farther on, large pillars the sole relics of a once stately entrance to noble temples. Even the remaining temples, though but a fragment of what existed here, are fine examples, and contain some good bronze incense-burners, &c., and a few fine porcelain jars. Let us follow the stream up the valley to the Cave Temples, with their gods cut out of the solid rock. A weird place! The priest, who seems to be in charge, must have rather cold quarters if he sleeps here, for these, I should think, are partly natural caves, and are very much enlarged by human work; but, like other caves, they are damp and dark and dismal. The priest, however,

HANGCHOW: PAILAU AT THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY

seemed cheerful enough as he offered to sell us joss-sticks.

From this place we went on to the Whistling Stone, and my friends tried hard, blowing at the two holes, but were unable to produce the whistle from which the stone takes its name. I preferred looking on, and keeping my breath for a better purpose.

Words fail to describe all the beautiful scenes in this part of China.

CHAPTER XII

HANGCHOW CITY

North Gate—Dr. Main's Medical Mission and his Pagoda—Ride through the Hills—Purchase of old Stone Lions—Excitement among Coolies—I am Robbed of my Silver—Night—Fireflies, Beetles, Frogs—I Paint a Water-Buffalo.

THE city of Hangchow is one of the most ancient and also one of the most prosperous in the south of China. At one time the capital, it still retains its importance, both commercially and politically. The streets are good, and a little broader than at Canton or Shanghai, and the shops are fine. One shop is noted for fans; and here I bought a fan on which is depicted a view of the West Lake and mountains as seen from the walls of the city, of most beautiful and artistic design.

The North Gate of Hangchow, the principal entrance, with its carved roofs, rising high above the walls, is a fine building. The gates are closed at or soon after sundown; and if one is shut out there is no hope of obtaining entrance until next morning, unless, as in my case, one is accompanied by a high official or well-known person. In this case a little persuasion and a kumshaw (tip), or gift, will induce the gatekeeper to lower a basket

from an upper window, and, seated in this, the belated traveller is hauled up and let down on the other side.

There is a large mission station belonging to the Church Missionary Society, and one of the best foreign medical missions in China, in charge of Dr. Main, who also owns the hill by the lake and a Pagoda thereon—the only instance, I believe, of a foreigner owning such a building in China. I lay no claim to special knowledge of the missionary work, medical or otherwise, of my fellow-countrymen in China. I had neither the time nor the ability for such an inquiry, but I feel that it would be unjust to overlook the work of Dr. Main as head of a hospital of 250 beds, a leper hospital of 27 beds, a maternity training-school, first-aid homes for convalescents and consumptives, and, last but not least, the Medical College with its fifty students, which will have as far reaching an influence on the future of China as any of these other agencies.

In the words of Lord William Cecil, who visited the hospital recently: "Dr. Duncan Main has established such a position in that city, that when one walks round the vast city of Hangchow with him, one finds it hard to believe that Europeans were ever unpopular in China, and when one enters his leper refuge, and sees the happy smiles of welcome on the faces of the poor sufferers, one understands the reason for his popularity. The mandarin, who was in charge of the questions that

concern foreigners in this province, told us that there was no friction in that city with Protestant Missions, which I suggest is owing to Dr. Main's influence." I must add that the writer was not speaking of a member of a society for which he holds a special brief.

On one of our rides up through the hills, stopping for a rest at a small temple, I came on some old carved stone lions, which I took a fancy to possess, and with my friend's help entered into negotiations with the chief priest for their purchase. What a haggling and bargaining there was! But at last I became the purchaser and paid a deposit, it being arranged that my friend would come back next day, bring coolies for their removal, and pay for them. I was at first doubtful how these large and heavy stones could be got over these hills, with no roads, only narrow paths; but my friend said it was easy enough, and, as he kindly volunteered to undertake the management of it, I knew it would be done. So next morning he, with the lawdah and three coolies from the boat, left for the hills, and on their way engaged carrying coolies. I went off as usual in my sampan up the creek, then overland to the West Lake, having with me only two coolies, and leaving the houseboat in charge of my own boy and one coolie. I had a long and very good day's work, and was glad when evening came to get into my sampan, which was brought for me each evening to the head of the Creek,

for the return home; but I noticed, though I could not understand why, that the coolie who had charge of the boat was talking very much. They all seemed rather excited; and, when we reached the houseboat, there was more chatter and talk aft. I had hardly got aboard when I thought I could hear my friend returning, so I went ashore to meet him, and told him I was sure there was something up. The lawdah soon settled this. He came and reported, "One coolie have walkee." We went aboard at once, and, entering the cabin, saw there was some trouble: both hasps of the locks of my cabin trunk were broken, and on opening it I found that all my silver dollars were gone!

It turned out that my boy, left on the boat with one coolie and knowing us to be away for the day, thought he would have a holiday, and so took himself off. The coolie left: unaccustomed to so much responsibility, I suppose, he felt lonely, and to break the monotony smashed open my trunk, and departed with the silver. Only my note-case covered by some socks, with a string of coppers, lay untouched. This at once explained the excitement among the coolies. According to Chinese custom the lawdah, who engaged the coolies, was responsible to me for their honesty and good behaviour; and he was, of course, in a great state, and declared he should go at once in pursuit of the thief. It was necessary that we should inform the Consul and police at Hangchow

Settlement, and we determined to ride in, that night, after having some food. When ready to start we noticed a distinct quietness, and found that the lawdah and all the remaining crew had gone off on the hunt. This meant that we could not both go, so my friend volunteered, and I remained on the boat, my boy, the cause of all this trouble, being my sole companion. Because there had been a good deal of trouble recently in this district with salt-smugglers and the like, and not knowing if the thief might be in league with others, my friend insisted that our guns should be loaded, and said, if he saw the coolies, he would tell them to shout before coming on board, as I was going to fire on any one who came on without warning.

My friend, by the way, could not ride till two days before this, but having done from twenty-five to thirty miles each day, now felt quite equal to anything on horseback. It was a case of "needs must," which, after all, generally finds an Englishman ready.

How peaceful and calm it all seemed when they had gone. The night not moonlight, but yet not dark, with twinkling stars overhead, how quiet and serene it was! My thoughts were with my work, and the anxiety to be fit for it next day worried me far more than the wretched theft of my dollars. I lay in my chair on the deck, in the warm night air, thinking of all the quiet beauty. The fireflies buzzed round, the great flying-beetles were trying

WATER-BUFFALO AT WORK IN THE PADDY-FIELDS

to get in at my curtained windows to the light. Mosquitoes came at me with a hum. In a swamp near by the frogs croaked intermittently. The bull-frog would start the concert with his deep croak; another and another would join in, until the air was full of their noise. Then it would all stop just as suddenly, and for a few moments peace reigned. Then the scissor-grinders would start their shrill note. No lack of life here. By-and-by I turned in, and, amidst this peaceful noise, went to sleep. But in the small hours I was roused by loud shouting. I lay for some moments to collect my thoughts, then remembered that this would be my coolies. They had returned to rest while others continued the search. Early morning brought in the others, and a note from my friend to the effect that the Consul and the police were coming out to see me that day. I groaned as I thought of my work on the lake, but had to give in.

I went ashore for a stroll after breakfast, and not far off came on a typical country scene—water-buffaloes at work in the rice-fields preparing the flooded land for the seed. "Ah!" I thought, "I need not waste time," and determined to get a drawing of this. Back to my boat I went for materials, and instructed the boy that, when Consul gentlemen came, he was to bring them to where I was at work.

I had some trouble in persuading the man with the buffalo to go on with work. He wanted to stop and

come and watch me; but ultimately my coolie got him to understand, and, when I wanted him to stop his steed at a certain spot, a few coppers prevailed. After having posed for me, he came to see the result, and was immensely amused, and soon gathered all the other workers to the spot to see what this queer foreigner had done; and with this crowd round, the Consul found me, and my friend returned from his night hunt. We went to the boat, had tiffin and a discussion of the robbery; and in discussion and talk it ended. I never saw my coolie or my silver dollars again. One result of this robbery was that I had to send to Shanghai for some more silver, which with copper is the only money recognised in the country districts, notes being viewed with suspicion; moreover, it was difficult to get change for more than a dollar or two. For some days I had to borrow from my boy and the lawdah. But such exciting incidents are happily rare, and in this delightful spot I spent some weeks and completed several pictures.

CHAPTER XIII

GOOD-BYE TO HANGCHOW

My Friend leaves Me—Bank-Notes—Fan Shop—Painting at the City Gate—My Coolie straps Another—Coffin on the Pathway—Hot Weather—Night in Hangchow City—A Fire—Good-bye to Hangchow—On the Grand Canal—Return to Shanghai.

AT this time my friend had to leave me and return to his duties in Shanghai, and with much regret I parted from a cheery and resourceful companion and was left in solitude. But within a few days this was pleasantly broken again by another friend coming up from Shanghai for the week-end to have a look round this lovely district, and I had the pleasure of a long day's ride with him and my friend, the Chief of Police and Magistrate from the Settlement—a man who knew all the neighbourhood, spoke Chinese, and was a great help to me during my stay.

We of course rode along the causeways across the lake, and away up into the hills to see the Lin Yin Temples, and finished by going to the city to allow my friend from Shanghai to buy a fan. Entering by the West Gate I suddenly said to him that I hoped he had got some money with him. He replied he had foreign notes. "Oh," I said, "they are no use here; that bank is boycotted, and the

people here don't like their notes." This was quite true; I had great difficulty recently to get even a small one changed; but I was only chaffing him, because I knew that where we were going—the fan shop—they would take a foreign note. But he, being a high official in the bank, was quite disgusted that their notes should ever be doubted, let alone refused. For a time, however, this was so. The foreign banks rightly refused to take notes on native banks, which had no reserve with which to meet them, and the native banks retaliated by boycotting the foreign bank-notes, and inducing the native traders to do so.

The fan shop was large and seemed prosperous. We were told that fans were sent from here to all parts of the world, and, seeing the beautiful work, I was not surprised. All kinds of materials were used for these fans, from the common paper with cheap cane handles and ribs to the finest silk most exquisitely painted and mounted on carved ivory; many of the fans, too, were made of various kinds of feathers.

Our bargaining here was helped by cups of green tea, which the shopman handed round; and this was not unwelcome after a long ride in the heat.

One of my subjects was the North Gate of the city, to do which I had about three miles to walk. I doubt if such a thing had been seen here before as a foreigner sitting on a stool with an easel set up and a white umbrella over him, painting a picture of the gateway; and the usual

HANGCHOW: THE NORTH GATE

swarms of people came to surround and watch me. My lawdah got his rope out and formed a triangle with it to keep the crowd off, and he and the coolies had their work cut out. The people coming out of the city gates would make straight for me and get in my way, so a coolie was instructed to keep them off; and one time, on looking up, I was amused to see that my coolie had got one of my straps and with it was deliberately smacking a man over the head and face to make him get out of the way. I could not help laughing even though I called out to him to desist, but every one laughed—even the man who had been strapped! It was very interesting to sit at this gate and see the various goings in and out. The beggars were here, of course, and the small hawkers with their trays of various articles of food. Then would come out a small mandarin in his chair, followed by that of his wife, and preceded by his red umbrella, and then his followers on ponies—and a rough and ragged-looking lot they were. He was probably going to his country house and likely enough was a rich man; but I could not help comparing this gentleman's departure from the city to his country seat, with that of a man of his position and means in this country—*his* importance was estimated by the number of his followers, ours by the smart and trim appearance.

One day, on our return journey to the boat, the lawdah, thinking to take a nearer way, went by a path

through some fields; and leading the way at one point, looked back to me, and, significantly holding his nose, turned off the path to one side. I followed him, and with good reason. There was a coffin laid right beside the path, and left there uncovered in the heat!!

By this time—the middle of June—the heat was getting very great. The thermometer in my cabin averaged 94° and 95°. The reader can easily imagine what this meant in the open air, with only a white sketching umbrella for shelter. My clothing was as simple as possible, yet any clothing seemed too much; and the nights were perfectly unendurable through mosquitoes, which I did my best to exclude by covering the windows of my cabin with netting. At night one felt the benefit of the electric fan, which served to make a little breeze; but even this failed me at last, and I had a bad time. By day there was a little breeze, but at night it usually died away.

The advance of civilisation, as Western people understand it, may be guessed when I say that during my stay in this district I had a large box of ice three times a week from Shanghai—150 miles—sent by steam-launch, landed at the Custom-House, there put in a small boat and sent on to me. And what a boon it was! It meant that I could always have a cool drink, and that my food was kept fit to eat. I have the care of my friends in Shanghai to thank for that comfort.

My last night in this delightful neighbourhood I

spent in the house of a friend at Hangchow, where I arranged that my boat should wait for me at the Custom-House Quay, and so save the tedious journey down small creeks to the Grand Canal.

Entering the gate of the city at dusk, we still had a considerable distance to go before reaching my host's hospitable dwelling. Before our journey's end it was quite dark. In front of our chairs ran a coolie with a paper lantern, which was necessary in the dark streets. All the shops were shut, as the people retire to bed very early, artificial light being dear and dangerous. Our bearers swung along through the dark shadows, and, so far as my knowledge of the way went, they might have taken me anywhere; but, with the faith I always had in the Chinaman, I felt as secure as in the streets of London. It was a weird experience, and more like a journey through a city of the dead than of the living, until at last we turned into the courtyard of my friend's house.

In the morning I bade adieu to my hospitable friend, and went off by chair to meet my boat at the Custom-House, which is on the British Settlement by the Grand Canal four miles away. Leaving the city gate I found that, as is usual in the prosperous Chinese cities, the space within the walls had in recent times proved too small, and that the city extended far outside, reaching in this direction to the canal. Busy streets they were which

I passed through. I found that I could not leave till night, so I spent the day wandering about the native street built on the British Settlement and under British rule. I was with my friend, the Chief of Police, when we spied some smoke issuing from a corner house near by. A crowd was gathering, and it was obvious that there was a fire. My friend was quickly off across the street, and was able with a few buckets of water to stop what would have been a serious fire. There was a strong wind blowing, and those slightly built houses, with so much timber, would have burnt like a matchbox. He said when he reached an upper room he found the place full of smoke, and at one side a native woman doing joss. She it was who, with her lighted joss-stick, had set fire to some paper round the image, and was now praying to the fire god to put it out. The fire god came in the form of a big burly Britisher, with a bucket of water, who very quickly put out both her and the fire.

Towards night the train of boats was formed and mine was tied on, and, with adieus to my kind friends, I reluctantly said good-bye to Hangchow. The direct route by water from Hangchow to Shanghai is interesting, the country being flat, very fertile and highly cultivated. On the Grand Canal one may see the great care lavished in by-gone years on the most important of the great water thoroughfares of China, now so much neglected, the fine stone walls, or bunds, of the canal being sadly

broken away and the parapets of the bridges gone. One wonders if the Chinese will ever wake up to the fact that they must save their fine canals, if cheap transit by water is to be preserved. At the moment railways are the chief object of their ambition; but, great as the advantage of these would be, China can never afford to lose the older means of transit.

I was out on deck soon after sunrise next morning. It proved a beautiful day—one of those days which seem to be sent to us now and again, just to show us how beautiful the world can be: glorious skies overhead, with great masses of cumuli-cloud, gleaming white, and with the blue of wonderful colour breaking through—a day on which it was a joy for a man to be alive and able to see all the beauty round him.

Any landscape viewed under such conditions is fine, and to sail along this grand old waterway under such conditions was delightful. The flat landscape was streaked with brilliant lights and dark shadows, and there were stretches of vivid yellow and green clumps of trees round a temple. We were constantly meeting or passing great tall square matting-sailed junks, carrying all sorts of produce. These junks have a very stately look about them, and always impress me with a sense of solemnity as they glide slowly and quietly along, their dark hulls and tall sails reflected in the gleaming waters.

Towards afternoon I could see in the distance the tall

Loongwha Pagoda, which told me I was nearing the end of my journey and approaching Shanghai; and glad as I was to land there and receive the welcome of my friends, and enjoy once more their hospitality, it was with regret that I said good-bye to the houseboat *Scout*, on which I had spent a most delightful time.

CHAPTER XIV

JAPAN

A Holiday—Comparisons with China.

I FOUND Shanghai, when I returned at the end of June, sweltering in damp heat. The people looked pasty, limp, and tired. The energy of the spring had gone, and, though I had been in great heat at Hangchow, my life in the open air kept me from feeling it as much as people shut up, even in those city offices furnished with electric fans and all modern appliances.

Clothes of the thinnest material were of course in use. The evening walk or drive to the Bubbling Well Road was the only chance of coolness, and this was very slow. Most people were talking of where they would go out of the heat, and nowadays they have a great choice without leaving China. Wei-hai-wei takes many, Cheefoo is an old favourite resort, and Pei-tai-ho a new one. Many go inland to the hills, others seek greater change in Japan; and as I was told I would find it too hot to work out of doors in Northern China, I determined to have a short spell in Japan.

My relatives were going north to Pei-tai-ho, and invited me to join them there later on. So to Little Nippon I

set sail, arriving, after a pleasant and uneventful passage, in Nagasaki, the first port of call.

The entrance and appearance of this port, as indeed of all Japan, reminded me most of Scotland, particularly of the west coast. Wooded hills run down to the water's edge, the harbour being a natural inlet in the hills.

Like all Japanese towns, Nagasaki is largely built of wood, the houses small and rather cheap looking. The people are distinctly cleaner in appearance than the Chinese, and very distinctly Westernised. True, the national costume is there still, but it is only worn by the coolie classes. The better-class Jap dresses in European clothes, and is no end of a swell. The natural result is a loss of picturesqueness and distinction.

The shops are very interesting, and there is plenty to amuse the visitor. Our ship only made a short stay, and I and a few other passengers employed the time in a stroll through the town, and a very pleasant ricksha ride to the small fishing-village of Mogi, a pretty little place on the other side of the peninsula from Nagasaki. One great difference between Japan and China is the good roads almost everywhere in the former, roads that seem well engineered. The road we took wound about up the hillside and through a narrow gully and tunnel at the top, and then on down, passing rice-fields laid out in terraces one below the other, and irrigated by a

cunningly diverted stream rising above and carried from terrace to terrace.

Mogi was a great contrast to some of the Chinese villages I had recently visited. Its cleanliness was obvious as the dirt of the other was more than obvious, but this very cleanliness and tidiness made it less picturesque to the artist, if more pleasant to the visitor.

Nagasaki is one of the ports where an artist for some obscure reason is not allowed to sketch without permission. I suppose, in spite of their training, the people cannot yet understand the difference between an artist who wishes to make pictures and an engineer who might draw some of their fortifications; yet you can go into any little shop and buy dozens of postcards, with views of all the places and many of the forts, &c.

From Nagasaki we very soon got into the far-famed Inland Sea. The weather was perfect, the ship *Toyo Kishen Kaisha S.S. America Maru* comfortable, and my fellow-passengers very good company. This part of the voyage was altogether delightful. The calm sea, with hills in view all the time, and ever-changing colours, lights and shadows, was beautiful. I thought of the times when I sailed up the Kyles of Bute and other West of Scotland seas. There is a great similarity, but the Japanese hills are less wooded, and of course the craft one sees is different—the fishing-boats, with their big white sails and light-coloured, unpainted woodwork,

with the almost naked bodies of the fishermen gleaming in the sun. Certainly the Inland Sea of Japan deserves all that has been said in praise of it.

Our next port of call was Kobe, where we arrived at evening and saw a most beautiful sunset, with the town and hills dark against it, and the water glowing with the reflected glory of the sky. A busy harbour it is. I spent a few pleasant hours on shore next day meeting some friends and looking through curio-shops, where the wily dealer provides newly made old curios for the unwary traveller; but, after all, these new things are very cunningly fashioned and very beautiful, and, as they are not expensive, I am not sure the buyer suffers much.

The town is more modern and Western-looking than Nagasaki; it has wide open streets and large buildings with fine hotels.

Soon after leaving Kobe we got into the open sea, but kept land in sight nearly all the way. We were to call and ship a quantity of tea at a small port called Shimuzi, which is rapidly becoming the tea-shipping place, as it is near the tea-growing district. Kobe and Yokohama will be hard pressed to retain the trade. We were not allowed to land at this place.

Early next morning I was on deck just in time to get a sight—the only one I did get—of Fujiyama, that flat-topped, snow-capped sacred mountain; and most impressive it was. Would that I could have seen more of

it! but weather decreed otherwise; mist enveloped it and it was gone.

At Yokohama I left the *America Maru* for land. Here, again, at any rate near the harbour, the town is distinctly European in size and style of building. It has good, well-made roads with electric tramcars in every direction. But when he goes behind all this the visitor finds the native style of house, built mostly of wood. Here I saw what I should imagine was true Japanese appearance of the streets, with plenty of florid signs and flags hanging out. Most of the people were in gay native costume, stumping about on their high wooden shoes. In this neighbourhood I thought I discovered a reason, beyond possibly the wish to increase their height, for their being set up on those pieces of wood; I looked down a side street and it was inches deep in mud. The main streets were good and well laid with macadam.

From Yokohama I went by rail via Tokio to Nikko, famed as one of the most beautiful spots in Japan. Here are many famous temples with equally gorgeously decorated exteriors and interiors. In form they are somewhat similar to the Chinese. The roofs are much decorated with gilded ornament, and altogether more ornate than the Chinese, and, at Nikko at any rate, they are kept in better order; the red lacquer is as fresh on the posts and windows as if put on yesterday. The interiors are very different from the Chinese, which are

generally rather dull and dirty looking, with little ornament. The Japanese seem to lavish all their skill on the fine carving, inlaying, and decorating of the interiors. To enter them one has to leave one's boots outside and put on straw slippers, kept for that purpose.

They are all very pretty and interesting, but they failed to impress me as the Chinese temples did.

The scenery at Nikko is fine, and in some respects like Scottish or Welsh hill country. The rushing, tumbling river might easily be one of our home streams. I made a delightful excursion by ricksha to Chuzenzi, which, with its fine lake and mountain scenery, is an ideal place for a foreigner from China to recruit in. Hotels with the latest comforts abound.

The road to Chuzenzi winds away up by the river, in places rising high above, with, at one point, a view of a very fine and high waterfall; it pierces deep woodlands and is altogether delightful. It is only because you are in a ricksha, pulled and pushed by slightly clothed coolies wearing wide umbrella-like hats, that you realise you are not at home.

At Nikko is the world-famous Cryptomaria Road, extending for miles and miles. I doubt if it has an equal in the world. It is said to be over three hundred years old, and I was told the tale of how these grand old trees came to be there.

At a time when wealthy nobles were contributing,

each according to his means, to make this road to the sacred temples at Nikko, one noble who had not much money said that instead of money he would give in kind, and undertook to plant the new road on either side with cryptomaria trees. This was done; and to this day the trees remain to beautify this roadway, and give joy and shelter to those who travel on it.

They are glorious stately trees, and gaps here and there only make the scene more picturesque. I consider that these trees are amongst the most beautiful in Japan.

Nikko teems with temples to various deities, one rather like another, and all very beautiful.

My next journey was to an out-of-the-way little fishing-village called Katsuura, to reach which I went through by rail and beyond Tokio and by ricksha some hours' ride, a rather long and tedious journey. On arrival my ricksha men, without instructions, took me to the principal inn—a purely native one, but for cleanliness and attention not to be surpassed. No English was spoken there, and, as I spoke no Japanese, the situation was rather amusing.

To obtain a bedroom, I put my head on my hand and closed my eyes; that settled that point, and I was led to a clean and bright room on the first floor, with sliding panels, wide open on to a verandah from which I had a fine view over the town and shore away to sea.

To signify that I was hungry, I held my waistcoat out to show that it was slack, and very soon had food put before me, some rice, eggs, and tea. I found there was no bread and no potatoes, but they obtained some small biscuits which served my purpose. While here I think I may say I lived the simple life.

Sitting in my room one evening I heard strains of music, and, to my astonishment, the tune was that of "Auld Lang Syne." Going on the verandah I found that the music came from another room, and the players were a young Jap playing the violin, and his companion, a lady, playing the piano. I had not expected to hear the melody of my native land in this out-of-the-way Japanese fishing-village.

Apparently the natives here were not used to foreigners. My appearance outside at once attracted a crowd, who followed me wherever I went; when I sat down to sketch they proved almost more curious than the Chinese. The policeman of the place was apparently apprised of my visit, and came to examine what I was doing, but seemed to find no fault and let me go on.

Tokio is the political capital, and is situated partly on low ground and partly on hills. The Sheba temples, and many other beautiful and interesting buildings, would well repay a far longer visit than I could give them.

On my return voyage we stopped in the Straits of Shimonosaki, on one side of which is the town famous

as the place where the Treaty of Peace between China and Japan was arranged by Li Hung Chang and Marquis Ito. On the other side is Moja. These towns are strongly fortified, and all sketching or photography is forbidden; and when, tempted by a very fine sunset, I got out my colour-box, it caused quite a sensation on board. One of the Japanese officers of the ship at once approached me, and said sketching was forbidden. I replied by asking if they owned the copyright of the sky, and sketched on. A superior officer then came; but, as I was only painting sea and sky, I refused to desist, and completed my sketch. They were too much puzzled to do anything. To obtain permission for sketching takes so long that often a traveller cannot get it within the time he is staying at a place, and the officials would be well advised to make this an easier matter.

CHAPTER XV

PEI-TAI-HO

Return from Japan—My Boy's Outfit—We Sail for the North—Wei-hai-wei—Port Arthur—Chinwangtao—The Umbrella—Arrival at Pei-tai-ho—Carts and Donkeys, Saddles and Bridles—"The Cruet"—Bathing—Signs of 1900 Troubles—Snipe-Shooting—A Giant Willow-Tree—The Village Blacksmiths—A Great Storm and Flood—Rock Temple—The Country Round.

ON my return to Shanghai from Japan at the end of July, I found it still very hot and damp, but only spent a few days preparing for my departure north. When going to Japan I left my "boy" at Shanghai in charge of my friends. I now told him to get what might be necessary in the way of warmer clothing for the northern climate and colder weather to come later, because at that time I proposed to keep this "boy" with me right through, as he knew my ways. I was amused to see the way he fitted himself out. He was certainly a great swell in new clothes—dark satin jacket, white trousers with embroidery on the ankle ties, and very grand shoes—black satin with green edging above the soles; and last, but not least, a new umbrella of cheap European pattern, with a very fine white-metal handle. I was almost afraid to give orders to such a gorgeous person.

We were glad, when the day came for us to embark on the China Engineering and Mining Company's S.S. *Kaiping*, to get away from the heat, and the prospect of a few days at sea was rather inviting. In looking round my cabin I found to my amusement that the "boy" had hidden his new umbrella in a corner—afraid, I suppose, to take it forward to his own quarters for fear a compatriot might annex it. We were lucky enough to have quite a fine passage up the treacherous Yellow Sea, well deserving its name, the water being distinctly yellow, thick and muddy, taking, as it does, the great waters of the Hoang-ho or Yellow River.

Our only call was at Wei-hai-wei, where we landed a few passengers for their holiday time. Wei-hai-wei, ostensibly a British naval station, is more important as a watering-place for foreigners from various parts of China. It seems to be pleasant and healthy in summer, but I do not envy those who are obliged to live in such an out-of-the-way place, which in winter must be bleak and cold.

Soon after leaving Wei-hai-wei we saw at some distance the famous Port Arthur, the scene of such a stern and long siege, and many fierce battles between the big Northerner and the little Yellow Man.

It was dull and wet when we arrived at Chinwangtao in the early morning. This port is quite new, and was made by the China Engineering and Mining

Company to enable them to ship their products at all times of the year, Tahu and the Tientsin River and Newchang being closed up by ice for many months. Before the opening of Chinwangtao and the building of the Imperial North China Railway, Tientsin was almost cut off from the south during the winter, and no goods could be imported or exported; now trade can go on uninterruptedly.

We had but a short journey by rail to our destination, Pei-tai-ho, and I told my "boy" to look after my baggage and that of the friends with whom I was travelling; and while watching this found he was so much taken up with his umbrella that he was neglecting his duty. I walked over to him, and taking the article said, "Now, boy, I look after your umbrella, you look after my baggage." Oh, the anxious look he gave me as I moved off, and the relief he showed when, all being ready, he received back his precious possession!

When we reached Pei-tai-ho station, we found donkeys for ourselves and carts for our baggage. These carts are very heavy, lumbering things, with clumsy wheels of solid wood, made in some cases without spokes; they are not exactly circular, though no doubt meant to be so. Mules were in the shafts, with a donkey tied on at odd points to help pull. We were soon mounted and away over the rather shaky bridge spanning the river, and along the narrow and rough track called a

road, about three miles of which had to be covered before we reached the noted seaside place. The track winds about, at times almost lost in the fields, and we were hidden by the tall kowliang, a cereal much grown in this part. Up hill and down dale we went, the donkey coolies making much noise driving along the poor-looking animals, who nevertheless proved able and sure-footed. It is rather remarkable that when human beings have any difficult road to traverse, where almost no other animal *can* go, they at once turn to the despised donkey, the animal which to my mind shows almost human sense in its careful discrimination in picking out its way. The traveller in almost any country finds this; and even where the donkey through its small size is not strong enough, it is the mule, which joins to the size of the horse the sagacity and surefootedness of the donkey, that is used. The saddles and bridles of the animals we had were quite worthy of study. The saddle was nothing more than various pieces of padded cloth tied on with bits of raw hide and string. No two stirrups were alike: one of the pair I had was of the very large antique description, suitable for a warrior of old; the other was a modern stirrup of the size fit for a child, so that only the toe of my boot could rest on it, whereas on the other side I had difficulty to keep the great iron in its place. The bridle was of rope and raw hide, with no bit, the reins of cord dirty and uncomfortable to

hold. During my stay here many miles did I have to ride on these little animals, with such wretched accoutrements.

The house my friends had taken for the season at Pei-tai-ho was at what is known as West End, distinguishing this part from Rocky Point, where I believe various missionaries were the first to establish themselves for the summer months. I do not know how to describe the architecture of this place. There is no style to which it could be likened. Our house, which my host nicknamed "The Cruet," had at a little distance a remarkable resemblance to that useful table requisite; there were various little domes coloured blue, and it only wanted the handle on the top to lift it by; but all the same I found it a very comfortable abode, with a fine view of the sea, and grand sands stretching away round the bay. I lived at "The Cruet," but slept at the house of another hospitable friend, a little farther west.

At Pei-tai-ho bathing is the great thing, and is indulged in by all who can manage it. The water is quite warm, and bathers stay in a much longer time than is usual at home.

It was delightful to find the members of our party, who had been here for some weeks, the children especially, once more looking brown and healthy. And yet it was hot; for a time we had to remain in the verandahs during the midday hours, but as August wore on the weather became more temperate.

The Boxers were strong in these parts in 1900, and the property of the foreigners suffered much. One sees ruined homesteads, perhaps only a bit of wall and chimney left standing; but out of evil came good, and, in rebuilding, the owners mostly have chosen better and more accessible sites nearer to the beach; and, as I suppose the property owners here (as elsewhere) got some compensation, perhaps the loss was not very great. Judging by the new houses being built, and others enlarged, I should suppose that Pei-tai-ho may look forward to a time of prosperity. The visitors are largely drawn from Tientsin, which is within easy reach by rail; but Peking and other places are well represented by not a few, who, like ourselves, took the three days' voyage from Shanghai, in search of fresh sea breezes.

With cooler weather we took some excursions in the neighbourhood, I in search of what might provide me with material for sketching. I was invited one day to join some friends who were going snipe-shooting, and went for the sake of seeing the country. Donkeys were, as usual, our means of travel. We passed many ruined buildings. China seems full of them, old mud walls crumbling away—signs of a time when the population was greater than now. We passed through several villages, but none looked prosperous, and the people were poor-looking and ill-clad. Even the larger houses, such as would belong to the headman of the village,

seemed to have been battered about and left unrepaired. The country is hilly and rocky, but the valleys look good and fairly well cultivated, kowliang being the principal crop. The roads were no more than tracks, with great deep ruts made by the wheels of the carts in use. The depth of the ruts is determined by the hubs of the great wooden wheels. In wet weather these tracks become rushing streams, and in riding one has to exercise considerable care, as even donkeys can stumble; and, though they rarely hurt themselves, the rider may get an awkward fall into mud or dust.

On this ride we had to ford several small streams, and one large river at which some of us looked askance; but our leader plunged boldly in, and the water was soon up to his saddle. We others followed more gingerly. I for one put my legs over the donkey's neck, and just missed a wetting. At last the ground was reached where snipe might be expected, and a few coolies proceeded to beat it out — low-lying, swampy ground, full of reeds and rushes; but into it, often up to their middles, went the coolies, the guns following up.

I understood then why our leader did not mind getting wet crossing the river. He knew he had to do so in going after the snipe. I was not shooting, so remained on dry land. The guns did better than when at the Tahu, and a few birds were bagged.

My friend had told me he would show me something fine in the way of trees on this trip; and certainly he did. In a small village of little more than mud huts, almost hiding a small temple, there was an enormous willow tree, and, to make the picture more complete, underneath, some itinerant blacksmiths were at work at a forge, hammering red-hot iron—quite in the manner we are accustomed to think of, but rarely see at home, when the well-known lines come to mind, "Under a spreading chestnut tree."

To one side stood the wheelbarrow which carried the stock-in-trade, a whole outfit for their work, rods, iron, bellows, forge, &c., and probably some of the younger members of his family. In a country where there are almost no roads a vehicle such as this, with only one large wheel, must, of course, be best. With it the people can drive along the merest track through fields or over hills. I felt that such a subject as this, showing a phase of purely rural life in China, must not be missed, and decided to paint it. I was rather glad this fine subject lay on the homeward side of the river, as to have to cross and probably get wet, and then sit and work for some hours, day after day, would have damped my ardour. Next day saw me ready for the work, and my boy mounted and carrying some of my things. I always carried my drawing, and my boy was very cunning in passing on to the donkey coolies most

of the articles. I think he felt that all his attention was required to sit his steed and look important.

We reached the spot without incident, and, to my delight, found the blacksmith still there and busy. On making inquiries, I found he was likely to remain for some days, which was good news. But when I began fixing my easel and putting up my water-colour board, he ceased work, and with all his following came to see what I was doing. Soon the whole village was round me, but all were polite and smiling. It was only natural curiosity that drew them. I was quite prepared for this, and had taken the precaution to bring a rope with me, which I fixed up on sticks, triangle-fashion; and, sitting within this, I kept them all at a respectful distance.

Very soon the smith returned to his work and left me to mine, the usual loafers being divided between us. As that day went on and the work proceeded, I found that these visitors took an intelligent interest in the picture. They do not, as would the same class at home, come and look and pass on; but they discuss with each other the merits of the work (my boy told me this), and in looking, put their hands up to their eyes, telescope-fashion.

The weather for a time became very unsettled, with heavy thunderstorms and accompanying rains. The last day of my work at this place a terrific storm burst over

us, and in haste I closed up my things, put them against a neighbouring tree, and ran over to the temple; but the rain fell in such torrents that in a few minutes the small stream was all over the road, and we had to race through it, rescue my things, and carry them to the temple, where we stood for perhaps half-an-hour, by which time not only the road but all the low ground round was deeply flooded. When the storm passed there was nothing for it but to mount and ride home through the water. Where but a little time before I had sat at work was now two feet of water, but the coolies had rolled up their nether garments, and the donkeys did not mind, so on we went; where the track was in a hollow, it was very difficult to avoid the deep ruts which we could no longer see. Farther on, we found what ordinarily was a shallow brook now a tearing flood; and the poor little animals had all they could do to keep on their feet. More than once I thought we should go down, but we got safely over; and on the higher ground, just as we neared Pei-tai-ho, the track went along a sort of chasm, worn out by carts and water. I was ahead, and, hearing an exclamation, turned round to see pride humbled. My "boy" was on his back in the sloppy mud, and his donkey looking at him, as much as to say, "Why have you done that?" But his national characteristic—cheerfulness—did not desert him; he got up with a smile and assured me he was not hurt.

When I reached home I was told there had been a great waterspout burst that day just off Pei-tai-ho; its course had been very close to where the Admiralty yacht was moored, on which Vice-Admiral Lambton had come up north. And about this time we heard of the disastrous typhoon which caused so much damage and loss of life at Hong Kong. The vessel on which friends of ours were coming up from Shanghai was luckily in shelter at Cheefoo, and their arrival was delayed, so that when they reached Chinwangtao the morning after the storm, there was no train to take them on to Pei-tai-ho till night; they therefore decided to hire a couple of small junks to take them and their baggage to Pei-tai-ho. But, on arrival off that place, fresh difficulty arose; there is no pier, and the sea being rough, their junks could not run into shore. No one knew they were coming in that way; so they sailed up and down all day, trying to attract attention. Late in the afternoon one of our party, with the aid of a telescope, made out there were foreigners on board, and got a fishing-boat to put off and land the weary and hungry travellers.

A beautiful spot much visited by Pei-tai-ho people is the Rock Temple, so called by Europeans because it is built on a rocky eminence crowned by some flat-topped pine trees—which look as if they had been here for ever, so old, gnarled and twisted are they—and with the pretty little temple and tea-house snuggling in

THE ROCK TEMPLE, PEI-TAI-HO

among the projecting rocks. It is not only a beautiful spot to visit and picnic on, in the fresh, fine air, but has delightful views all round. Away to the south is the sea, the Gulf of Pechili, while to the west stretches a fine panorama of softly undulating country, and a large river, the Lwan-ho, winding its way to the sea, with the Chang-lee Hills sharply defined beyond. To the east is more hilly country, and away past Rocky Point are the mountains at the back of Shan-hai-kwan, where the Great Wall ends at the sea. No wonder the missionaries and the merchants and officials thought Pei-tai-ho a good place to make holiday at, and rest their jaded energies after the indoor life in Tientsin and other large cities. I think I remarked that I lived at one house and slept at another; and one night, after a heavy rainstorm, when I turned out to go to bed, I found that even with a lantern it was difficult to find my way. I had the choice of two roads—one by the shore, the longest, the other through the grounds of intervening houses and across some gulleys; I chose the latter, and had got but a little way when out went the lantern, but I struggled on in the dark. I got into the first gully, thinking I knew the way, only to find myself up to the knees in water. I got out of that, and made up hill among some trees, and after plunging about for some time at last saw some lights; and making for these over many obstacles, I got near enough to know the

house. I was next door to my hosts; but, a high wall intervening, I had to make a fresh start and go a long way round before I could reach my bed that night.

It is pleasant to walk along the sandy beach, in the evening, towards the west and see the sun setting gorgeously behind the Chang-lee Hills and reflecting in the quiet waters of the river, near which are some boats owned by a few fishermen, who camp on the shore for part of the year. The habitations of these men are of the roughest—bits of matting, canvas, &c., laid over bent canes, and tied down against the wind somewhat like a gipsy encampment at home; rough-looking folk they are, but civil enough to the foreigners who buy fish from them.

Before we arrived at Pei-tai-ho there had been some nights' excitement at "The Cruet." A robber had attempted to break in, and had been frightened off only to return another night, when he was caught by the house-boy and coolies, and tied up to some post until the nearest mandarin could be brought, and the case tried there and then and punishment administered. When we came we therefore brought a pistol in case of further visits of this kind. However, this prompt capture and punishment had the happy effect of stopping such things, and our armament was not required.

CHAPTER XVI

SHAN-HAI-KWAN

First Sight of the Great Wall—Vandalism of Japanese Troops—Bad Weather—Floods—Railway Bridges carried away—Hotel full of Train-bound Travellers—Uphill Ride to the Great Wall—Tradition about It.

MY next journey was a short and easy one to Shan-hai-kwan, where I put up at the Railway Hotel (which might be much better). The railway station (Imperial North China Railway) is about half a mile from the City Walls. The city itself is about three miles from the sea, on the shore of which are the great summer encampments for the foreign troops which have been in Northern China since 1900. A walk or drive soon brought me to the shore, where my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the Cameron Highlanders, who were enjoying themselves bathing and playing games.

At this point that amazing work, the Great Wall of China, ends at the sea, coming down over the mountains behind, and over the flat land below, in a zigzag line. Standing here, the sea behind and the old wall stretching out in front, one can get a good idea of what it was in past times, when kept in good order. Let the

eye follow it along on its sinuous course, winding about up hill and down dale, along the flat ground, crossing and bridging streams, passing by and forming an outwork of the Old City—then gradually rising and climbing up the steep sides of the mountains, lost to sight as it disappears over their top; but you know it goes on, farther and farther, across this country that seems limitless. It was a big mind that conceived this idea. One may think it was easy to carry out in the days of autocratic rule, when a conquering despot had but to give the order, and his underlings carried it out by slave labour. Nevertheless, the Great Wall of China is one of the wonders of the world. Walking along the top of the wall, between the sea and city near where the Japanese have their encampment, I was surprised to come on what appeared a dreadful piece of vandalism. The Japanese seemed to be making some sort of rifle-pit or targets for practice; but actually they were removing material for this purpose from the Great Wall itself. In time of war there might be excuse for such an act; but in time of peace I can find none for such wanton destruction of this world-wonder structure. I cannot think the Chinese authorities were consulted. If the Japanese took it upon themselves in their arrogance to do this, those responsible should feel ashamed of their act. But, alas! there is too much of this assumption of authority shown by the foreigner in China.

During my stay at Shan-hai-kwan we had a return of the bad weather I had experienced at Pei-tai-ho. Rain fell in great quantity, and very soon the floods took a serious aspect. I was almost confined to the hotel for some days; the road to the city became impassable, and the main street of the city itself was like a rushing river. With a fellow-guest from the hotel, I determined to walk along the railway westwards, as we heard that the flood in that direction was becoming great. With difficulty we got to a greatly swollen river, and crossed it on the railway, but found that on the farther side the water was already on the permanent way. We watched the evening mail-train to Newchwang come slowly through the flood, and then made our way back to the hotel. There I found an inquiry for me. It appeared the floods were so bad that at Pei-tai-ho the passengers could not leave the train, and had to travel on to Shan-hai-kwan to stay the night; among them was my nephew from Tientsin. Next day there was further stoppage, and at night the mail was stopped at Shan-hai-kwan, and travellers were told they could go no farther. No less than ten bridges were swept away, and I heard tales of great iron girders torn away by the flood. It was only by great good fortune no lives were lost.

Many of the travellers were on their way to join the Siberian Railway, homeward bound, and were not only

delayed but lost their berths, which were booked beforehand. Some got back to Chinwangtao and Tientsin, and made their way by sea to other points; but for days the hotel was very crowded, and the small service strained to the utmost. What hurts one benefits another; and I made one friend here from the Legation at Peking, who, when I told him my chief object was to get permission to paint the Imperial Palaces, offered most kindly to write to our Minister, and so forward the matter.

I, with this gentleman and another, made an excursion on donkeys up the mountains to see the Great Wall. After passing through the city we found there was only a track, very bad through the recent rains. We had quite a narrow escape; we had to pass under an archway through a spur of the Great Wall, and, having been there before, I remarked to my friends that it was partly fallen in. We had hardly got through when there was a loud crash. We did not wait to see what it was; but on our return journey found the whole arch had fallen in, and we had to make our way round and over the wall.

It is quite a long ride up the hillside; and after going as far as the donkeys could take us, we dismounted, went on foot farther up, and were able to see and appreciate what an amount of patient labour must have been spent on this wall.

At this point the first few feet above the ground

THE GREAT WALL

show solid stone masonry, above which are large bricks; and on picking up pieces of this brick I found it was not hard, and yet there it had been for all these centuries! At short intervals, and wherever there was a bridge over a stream, are watch-towers solidly built with battlements.

No precipitous mountain-side stops the wall. It goes on and on, built up in a most marvellous manner; and away above us, on quite a pinnacle, there was an outstanding tower from which the country could be watched for miles. I was told that the method of getting the bricks to the top was this: many goats were kept and fed on the hill-tops and then driven down and loaded, each with a brick or two. They slowly made their way back up to their feeding-ground. On the outer or Manchurian side of the wall, at some little distance, are forts on prominent positions; some of which, judging by the ruins remaining, must have been of considerable extent.

What a magnificent view one has from this mountain-side! Away down the hillside can be seen the city, with its old walls and towers and gateways, a temple perhaps showing out from the other buildings because of its distinctive roof and pink-coloured walls. Beyond this you see the railway, the steel rails of which run in one continuous line to the other side of Europe—crossing two great continents, joining the old

and the new. Beyond that shines the blue sea; away to the west are the Chang-lee mountains, with here and there a sparkling river yet full with flood water, and therefore more noticeable. Looking up the wild and steep sides of the mountains, one sees the grand old wall winding. Browsing peacefully at our feet are herds of goats, descendants perhaps of those which bore their burden up to build the wall that still stands.

The city of Shan-hai-kwan, which I think may be taken as a fair example of a northern provincial town, is laid out in squares, and intersected by a main street from south to north and another from east to west. There are gateways in the walls at these points; and all roads meet at and under the old Drum Tower, the centre of the town. This quaint and picturesque old building stands up arching over the junction of the main streets of the city, and seems to dominate all around it. It contains in the upper portion the remains of the drums and other noisy instruments, now no longer used.

The streets are fairly wide, but quite hollow and gully-like in form. This is caused by the great wash of water from the hills behind, in time of flood, when the streets become a tearing racing torrent; while in dry weather the dust is very trying.

Hardly a building is over one storey in height, and the roofs are almost flat, with wide eaves projecting

SHAN-HAI-KWAN: THE MAIN STREET

far over the front, and forming almost a shelter in themselves. The houses, however, have sun-blinds. The streets being so hollow, the backs of the mules walking along the centre are just on a level with the shop floors. There is no footpath, but the pedestrian gets along on the sloping sides of this road as best he can in wet weather; in dry, he may venture to walk in the dusty track.

The colour of the soil is a rich golden yellow, and in dry weather, with the sun full on it, is very dazzling.

The shop signs are very varied, of beautiful design and full of colour, each being distinctive of the trade. The shoemaker shows wonderful designs of boots and shoes. The druggist has a tall stone, covered with characters no doubt setting forth and emphasising the virtues of all the wondrous cures he sells. The fronts of such shops as need not display their goods—the fronts that with us would be windows—are covered with very beautifully made shutters of open woodwork.

The military camp being near, the natives are accustomed to foreigners; but I found, when I sat down to work in the street, that I attracted a great deal more attention than I wished for, and for a time I feared that I should again have trouble with the authorities, as in Shanghai and other cities. Fortunately I escaped this, and the few police in the place aided me by keeping back the crowd. When it was found that I was making

a picture of their street and shops, the shopkeepers seemed very pleased, and quite glad to help me in any way.

Having sent off my boy to Pei-tai-ho, I found it rather awkward. It would have been worse still had the police been troublesome, as I had no means of interpreting. I hired a coolie from the hotel; but he could speak no English, and apparently talked largely to the people about me, probably inventing all sorts of wondrous tales about his foreign master. When I was painting a picture which shows the sign of a hotel, and on which there is a lantern which is let down, lighted, and hauled up at night, this coolie left my side; and, walking to the sign, let the lantern down and hauled it up again, apparently to explain to me its use. At first appearance it looks like a railway signal; but I can assure the reader it is a hotel sign, and drawn as exactly as I could do it.

SHAN-HAI-KWAN: AN HOTEL SIGN

CHAPTER XVII

TIENTSIN

Journey from Shan-hai-kwan—Arrival at Tientsin—The Foreign Settlement—The Pei-ho—A Chinese Dinner.

THE journey by rail from Shan-hai-kwan to Tientsin takes the traveller through very varied scenery, great mountain ranges lying to the north, while to the south he is for a good distance within sight of the sea. We crossed wide rivers winding down from mountain to sea, and passed various towns, gradually coming to the flat land, which has the appearance of great stretches of mud; thereby we knew we were approaching the Pei-ho ("ho" means river) and Tientsin. Now I felt I was once more back in the Western world. Tientsin has a busy station, and, save for the coolies, the crowd is mostly foreign. The baggage had to pass the Customs, but that was quite a formal matter; and soon I was speeding along in a ricksha to my nephew's house, where I was to stay a few days before leaving for Peking.

I have mentioned that one of my chief objects in North China was to get into some of the Imperial Palaces, none of which had ever been, to my knowledge, painted by a Western artist. I was told that the old palace at

Jehol was very fine, and therefore sent on my introductions to our Minister at Peking, Sir John Jordan, asking him to send through the proper channel my application for such permission. In Tientsin I was introduced to a gentleman who was shortly going to Jehol for mission work; as he spoke Chinese and knew the country, I was glad to avail myself of such an excellent chance of travelling in company, and some of my time in Tientsin I occupied in preparing for the journey.

Tientsin as it was before the Boxer troubles of 1900 no longer exists; the old native city was demolished and its walls levelled, and in its place was built, under supervision of foreign engineers, a modern town for the Chinese. This is quite apart from the various foreign settlements; and I should think the native who lives and has his business there must have benefited greatly under the new order of things, as well as the foreigner who has to visit the native quarter, which, compared with the old native cities, is clean and decent, if not quite so picturesque. The Chinese, however, have their signs and open shop-fronts and carved woodwork, which, even when new, must soon make a street picturesque and give it a character seen nowhere else.

The foreign settlements are large, with fine buildings and wide streets, and are more distinctly separated than in any other treaty port I have seen. They seem to vie with each other in progress.

AT TIENTSIN

I naturally saw more of the British section, where, with the Gordon Hall — one of the strongholds during the siege — and the up-to-date hotels, fine club, public gardens, great hongs, well-kept and busy streets, there was every sign of solid progress and prosperity, although there may be just now a commercial cloud over this and other commercial centres in the Far East. America's financial panic of 1907 had far-reaching consequences.

The life of the foreigner in Tientsin is much the same as in Shanghai or other treaty ports, but Tientsin has a very bracing dry climate. The heat, very great for a month or two in the summer, is dry. I have heard that this has a bad effect on the nervous system of a few people, but I venture to say that this is probably the healthiest treaty port in China.

Tientsin has a fine racecourse some little way outside the settlement, and the bi-annual races are great events and, as at Shanghai and Hong Kong, entirely amateur.

On the Pei-ho is the usual busy life of a Chinese river, having boats of all kinds and sizes—the native for the inland traffic, of which Tientsin is the focus for a wide area, and the great foreign steamships which ply from here, not only to other Chinese ports, but all over the world. This being the collecting place for products of North China and Mongolia, from whence comes a great quantity of wool, skins, furs, &c., traffic flows in from all directions, and is shipped to the great Western

markets; and you and I may sit comfortably in our homes in Britain, our feet resting on carpets made of wool from Tientsin, and our boots the product of skins from the district, and our womenfolk dressed in luxurious furs brought from far Mongolia on camel-back.

Soon after my arrival my nephew informed me that the compradores of my brother's firm here wished to honour me by a dinner. Now I had always rather eschewed luxuries, believing that in such a climate as China plain fare was best; but such politeness demanded politeness, so I accepted the kindly invitation. As is customary when a foreigner is invited to dine, he can take one or two guests with him, and my nephew and Mr. Drysdale accompanied me. It was with the latter I hoped to travel to Jehol. His knowledge of the language and the food proved useful, and greatly helped the entertainment at a restaurant in the native city. The tables were lavishly set out in a fine large room. The number of small dishes on the table were very numerous, and a continuous stream of surprises were borne in by the many attendants. My appetite was not great, so that I was in a position to pick and choose; but I had difficulty in discovering what each course was. My friends told me there were many delicacies on the table, but this did not help me in making choice, and I limited myself to tasting one or two dishes, and pleading doctor's orders for not partaking more heartily of all the good things. One dish I noticed in particular contained dark, very shiny,

gelatinous-looking, egg-shaped objects. I was told they were a great luxury and very expensive—eggs which for a long time had been buried in the ground. I found shark's-fin soup rather coarse and salty.

While dining we were entertained by dancing and singing girls. In "The Attaché at Peking" there is given an excellent description of a Chinese meal, and it almost exactly describes that at which I was present:—

"A Chinese meal exactly reverses the order of things which is practised in Europe. First came cups of tea, and, when these were all cleared away, two tiny saucers were placed before each person. Then the dessert and sweets were put on the table, oranges and apples, candied walnuts, sweets of all kinds, hemp-seed done up with flour and sugar, apricot kernels preserved in oil and dried, and other delicacies. Next came the savoury meats; of these the most remarkable were sea-slugs—like turtle-soup in taste, bamboo sprouts, sharks' fins, and deer's sinews. All gelatinous dishes are the most highly prized; the famous bird's-nest soup is just like isinglass not quite boiled down. Finally came a sort of soup of rice. I found it very difficult at first to eat with chop-sticks. The manner of eating is to dip your chop-sticks into any one of the bowls and transfer a morsel to your own saucers, which are not changed, neither are the chop-sticks wiped during the whole proceeding. If you wish to pay a personal compliment, you select a tit-bit with your own chop-sticks and

put it on your neighbour's plate, and he does the same in return. This gives the entertainment the appearance of an indecorous scramble, for one is continually leaning across two or three people to pay some civility. The dishes are very rich, and I should think unwholesome in the extreme. There were upwards of sixty different eatables put upon the table, and I must own that although my chop-sticks went into nearly every little bowl, there was not one which did not please my taste. Native wine was served to us in little cups of the size of our liqueur glasses; it had rather a pleasant taste and was very dry. As soon as the meal was over the Chinese gentlemen produced out of their boots (which seem an inexhaustible receptacle for everything, from tobacco to state papers) small pieces of paper, with which they wiped their mouths and ivory chop-sticks; and then came a piece of Chinese politeness which is very offensive to Europeans; for it is good manners here, out of compliment to the host, and in token of having eaten well and been satisfied, to produce the longest and loudest eructations, and Hêng-Chi and the two generals left nothing to be desired in that respect, making a great display of good breeding. Tea and conversation in the court of the temple brought my first Chinese entertainment to a close. I can't tell you how strange it seemed to me, to begin with dessert and end with soup."

CHAPTER XVIII

PEKING

Arrival at Night—A Ricksha Ride. The Legation and My Visit There—I apply for Permission to Go to Jehol and Paint within the Palace There—A General Impression of Peking from the Tartar Walls—View of the Imperial Palace—The Legation Quarter—The Hata-Men Street.

THE country between Tientsin and the capital is mostly flat, and, seen from the train, not very interesting; but the journey is short, and very soon I could see in the distance signs of the city. The approach is not impressive till you get close to it, when the train passes through the outer wall of the Chinese city; then one begins to realise that one is approaching a rather wonderful and mysterious place.

It was the evening of an early October day; and out of the gloom I began to see high gateways, and, away to the right, the pinnacle of a circular building which I afterwards found was the Temple of the Year, at the Temple of Heaven. Then we ran alongside the great Tartar wall, part of which was such a menace to the Legations in 1900. By-and-by we drew slowly into the station, which is the eastern extremity of that long steel line linking Peking, the capital of the most ancient civilisation, with—but for

the narrow Channel—London, the capital of the greatest modern civilisation.

I had travelled light, in expectation of my further journey by road to Jehol, and so was not long in leaving the station, and entered Peking through the Water Gate, the entrance by which the relief of the Legations was effected. But things are changed since 1900. This gate is now held by the foreign troops. Passing through it I found myself on a well-made road, with a canal on one side, and, on the other, modern European buildings. One building, blazing with light and with a fine entrance and wide-open portals, I found was the Grand Hotel des Wagon-Lits, a modern and up-to-date hotel, which I made my home in Peking.

After an excellent dinner, I called a ricksha and told the coolie to take me for an hour's run in the city. At last I had reached what I considered my goal, and, though it was dark, I was impatient to see the city. There is to me always something fascinating in seeing a strange city for the first time by artificial light. The streets, by the way, are lighted by electricity, a sign of the modern, in all conscience! My drive was not a long one; up Legation Street and the Hata-Men Street, and back by a road which a few of us, not succeeding in getting hold of the right name, afterwards christened "Morrison Street," as the famous correspondent of the *Times*, Dr. Morrison, lives there. But I had seen a little of Peking, and went to bed

with a feeling of satisfaction. My first morning in the capital saw me up and about early, keen to get my first impressions of this remarkable place. But I had to be patient. In spite of the great rains and floods, which recently had caused so much damage to the country and made travelling inland so difficult, my friend Mr. Drysdale was making his preparations to start for Jehol, and I had to push on mine. So to the Legation I wended my way in the brilliant clear sunlight of an October morning; and those who know how delightful the weather can be in October in this part of the world, will know all that means. From the hotel I passed out; and crossing the bridge to the right on the roadway bounded on one side by the canal which runs through the historic Water Gate, and on the other by a high and solid-looking grey brick wall which bounds our Legation, I soon came to the unpretentious looking entrance to the home of our representative in China. As I approached I caught the gleam and glitter of the (to a Scot) welcome sight of a Cameron Highlander—doing the sentry-go—and then turned inside the gates. What a lovely place! I believe that, before coming into our possession, it was a ducal palace. Passing the lodge at the gateway, and directed by a native gatekeeper, I went along a broad and well-kept roadway bordered by beautiful trees and turf, and on the right came to a very fine specimen of Chinese architecture, a great roofed but open-sided entrance hall. The

roof was of beautiful form, and all its timbers and supporting posts gaily coloured in true Chinese fashion. The floor, approached by stone steps, was paved. On through this, and another somewhat similar but partly closed in, I at last came to the Minister's house itself, still of the original Chinese architecture.

Here I was passed by the native servant into the entrance hall, very large and beautifully arranged, and showing exquisite carving and fretwork in the woodwork fittings. From this, with but a few minutes' wait, I was shown into the private room of our genial Minister. He received me most cordially, and then, as during the whole of my stay in Peking, was most kind to me in all ways; so, too, were the members of his staff.

He told me my application for a passport and permission to sketch within the precincts of the palace at Jehol had been sent in through the Wai-wu-pu (Foreign Office), and he had no doubt it would be granted, although the time was short in which to get through the formalities required, even for such a small thing as this. Now my good luck came in. The Minister told me that the Legation had permission for a party of English people, many of the officers of the Cameron Highlanders and a few civilians, to visit and go over the Winter Palace within a day or two, and that as some one had dropped out he thought I might go instead. I was very pleased to have this opportunity. I knew how difficult it was

for a foreigner to get permission, and my professional instinct made me doubly anxious to join this party. So I left the Legation in very good spirits, charmed with my kindly reception and with the early prospect of seeing such a famous place.

While waiting in suspense, both as to my proposed journey to Jehol and the visit to the Winter Palace, I had a little time to look round Peking itself, and form some impression of the city. From various points of the Tartar wall a very good idea can be formed of the extent and general scheme, and it at once struck me that the city in its first laying out was most carefully considered and planned. I say "city," but it might more correctly be described as three cities, with even a fourth in the centre.

Say that the traveller is on the wall by the Tsien-Men ("men" means gate). The inner gate and gatehouse over it is in and on the main wall; but outwards from this there is a great square projecting wall, with a gatehouse most suited for purposes of defence, and at either end of this projecting wall (which encloses a considerable space of ground) are gates used for ordinary traffic, this then converging on this inner central gate. The outer central gate is only opened to allow of direct passage on state occasions. The upper part of the inner gateway has been entirely rebuilt since it was ruined in 1900, and is a marvellous example of this sort of building. It

rises to a considerable height, with great red pillars supporting the different projecting roofs and floors of each storey, and is most gorgeously painted and gilded. It does not seem from this that the modern Chinaman has lost any of his cunning and design in such buildings.

This, the Tsien-Men, is the chief gate in the Tartar wall; and supposing the traveller to stand on this part of the wall, he will have, stretching out to the south, but twice that much in width from east to west, the Chinese city; at his feet, right under the wall, is the railway station—then a narrow piece of water, the old moat, over which the road is carried by a very fine wide marble bridge with balustrades of beautiful design, and beyond a great painted wooden pailau. Looking straight away south, he will see the main street, running right out to the Yungting-Men, the gate of the Chinese city wall. Near by are crowds of rather squalid-looking houses; beyond them is a great open space on either side of the road; and again on each side of this space are masses of trees, those to the left being in the grounds surrounding the Temple of Heaven, and on the right the Temple of Agriculture, and the pinnacles and roofs of these wonderful buildings can be seen peeping out of the trees. Now turn north and you have, almost within a square, the great Tartar city. In its centre is the Imperial city, enclosed in pink-coloured walls, and within that again the Forbidden City and Winter Palace.

When the Northern race conquered China, they arranged their capital with due regard to their own safety, separating the conquered Chinese and keeping them outside their city, and again enclosing the Imperial residence within its own walls.

On the north side of the walls, quite close to the Tsien-Men, begins the great state entrance to the Forbidden City, this entrance being only used on state occasions by the Imperial family, as when they go and return from making sacrifice at the Temple of Heaven. The first part of this entrance, and all that is visible to the onlooker, is a great square stone-paved yard, surrounded by a very beautifully worked open marble wall; only the tops of the pillars show anything of the original white; it is not in good repair, and there is a roadway passing round three sides of it. It is splashed with mud and damaged by traffic and passers-by; and as it is close to the chief gate, the Tsien-Men, the traffic is very great. There is here one continuous stream of foot-passengers, rickshas, Peking (and other) carts, trains of camels, mules, ponies, all entering or leaving and pushing and jostling through the narrow gateway, in the centre of which stands a native policeman, endeavouring to guide the different strings in or out: in wet weather he stands on the large stone on which the great gates close, to keep out of the slush and mud; it is then very bad, the roadway being of old flat paving-stones with great ruts and holes.

Beyond this large courtyard rises the first Imperial gate, with its great yellow roof gleaming and glistening in the sun, and its red pillars and wonderfully painted woodwork under the wide projecting eaves. From the elevation of the wall can be seen beyond more yellow roofs and red walls, and in the distance, on Coal Hill, still more gleaming out among trees. Talking of trees, Peking might almost be described as a woodland city; seen from this height it has the effect of great masses of green, with the roofs of houses peeping up here and there, and the yellow palaces dominating the whole.

The part of the Tartar wall extending from the Tsien-Men to the Hata-Men is now held by the international troops, a sure preventative to its ever being the menace it was in 1900 to the safety of the foreign Legations. All of them are now placed within what is known as Legation Quarter, bounded on the south by this section of the Tartar wall, and on the east, west, and north, by their own walls and ditches. Outside this a great clear space was created after the 1900 siege, by clearing away masses of native houses, and so removing the cover under shelter of which the Boxers were able to work their way close up to the Legation.

Within the Legation Quarter it is difficult to believe that one is in China, and in Peking—of all places—so absolutely European has it become. Wide streets, well laid out with macadam, paved side-walks, good drainage,

&c.—these improvements, I believe, have all been made since 1900. The buildings of the Legation, and of the Customs and the few private houses, are nearly all modern and of good style. There is within this quarter only one large shop or store. The foreigner is not allowed to trade in Peking, excepting with such goods as are necessary for the resident foreigners. The Wagon-Lits Hotel is also near the Water Gate. The Legations are all within spacious grounds. The ordinary Chinese are not allowed access to this quarter if their business is not known. I have even known my boy stopped if far in advance of me—and, recalling the past, one feels this is a right and necessary precaution. I passed up Legation Street and into Hata-Men Street, which is perhaps one of the chief streets, and soon saw the difference. I was in China again! This street, long and straight, practically dividing this part of the Tartar city from south and north, is very wide; and the roadway, which, I believe, was a very few years ago (in the old-time style) a deep gully along which passengers, carts, and animals made their way as best they could through mud or dust, is now in the centre part well-laid macadam with a deep drain at either side, and in between that and the houses is a wide but rough and dusty—in wet weather muddy—roadway. Between the old and new are planted young trees, showing that in adopting new ways the Chinese keep their ideas of what is beautiful.

Now a curious feature appears. To the old, rough, and badly made part of the roads on either side is relegated the heavy traffic of the unimportant persons, camel trains, heavy carts with mules, barrows, and such like, while on the hard well-made new road run the carriages now largely used by official Chinese; rickshas, and foreigners riding or in any vehicle, Peking carts (used by officials or foreigners) being also allowed. Many times have I seen a heavily laden cart stuck in the mud of the old side roads.

Along this wide thoroughfare are most of the curio-shops, and, therefore, to this street foreigners make their way; but, if wet, it is very unpleasant to get from shop to shop on this horrid old track. At various points the street is spanned by great ornamental memorial arch-ways, or pailaus, one very noticeable being of fine marble, erected to the memory of Baron von Kettler, the German Minister who was basely assassinated in 1900.

The city, as I have said, is well planned—great streets intersecting it from gate to gate and crossed by others, dividing the whole up into squares; thus making it comparatively easy for the stranger to find his way about. This cannot be said of Canton or other Chinese cities, with their maze of narrow twisting alleys.

The cross streets from east to west have, of course, to diverge to get round the Forbidden City. The main

streets are all more or less relaid with macadam, and fairly good, but the by-streets are still bad, and if one has occasion to go along them it is not always pleasant; but Peking is far ahead of any other Chinese city I have seen, in cleanliness and good order. There is a large force of well-drilled police, whom I found obliging and ready to help in directing one about. Where foreigners of all nations live within the walls of a city, as they do here, the people are naturally more accustomed to see them about, and, therefore, they excite little curiosity; and in the Hata-Men and kindred streets their advent is hailed with well-hidden pleasure, for the foreigner is the best customer for these dealers in old furniture and curios. The foreigner pays the best price and has the least knowledge—two things which rather please the shopkeeper.

To visit Peking without going to see these shops would be to miss a great deal. I spent many pleasant hours among them, and saw very beautiful articles. The Peking furniture is very distinct from the Cantonese. Peking people mostly use a beautifully coloured, reddish-brown wood, and the carving is in low relief and at times very delicate. It is also the collecting-place for curios of all kinds from all Northern China.

The Chinese are great connoisseurs and keen buyers, and the foreigner has only followed them in this. But nowadays prices rule very high. I heard it said frequently

that similar curios can be bought at home as cheaply and as good as in Peking.

Till quite recently Peking was a most inaccessible place, and not very comfortable to stay in when the traveller did get there; and to Western people it has always been more or less a city of mystery. No wonder that, becoming within the last few years comparatively easy to get at and reasonably comfortable to stay in, it is now being made a tourists' centre for the Far East. With the Siberian Railway bringing it within fifteen days of London, we may probably soon find it a fashionable resort of wealthy travellers for, at any rate, a short time in the year.

CHAPTER XIX

VISIT TO THE WINTER PALACE

Drive to the Gates—Reception There—A Chinese Palace—The Architecture and Decoration—Bronzes—White Marble Lanterns—Boats on Lotus Lake—The Prison-house of the Emperor—The Dragon Screen—The Dagoba, a View of It—The Emperor's Garden.

I WAS glad to find I was included in the party about to visit the Winter Palace, and, engaging a ricksha, went over to the Legation. There I found all our party waiting, anxious to start to the mysterious palace from which all these threatening, then wheedling, notices and edicts issued to the crowded besieged, within the very walls of the Legation where we now stood. Now we were going as honoured guests to view the palace of that autocratic ruler the Dowager Empress.

Our party numbered from twenty to thirty ladies and gentlemen. Many were officers of the Camerons, and there were a few travellers who were staying in Peking. We went under the convoy of a member of the Legation staff. Most of us were in rickshas, a few in carriages, and some in a motor. Yes—a motor in Peking in 1908! There are, I think, two motors kept for hire by an enterprising foreigner. The new roads in the city and the Imperial Road to the Summer Palace make the use

of the motor possible, but it is restricted to these. We entered the Imperial City by the gate on the western part of the southern wall, and our way took us along outside the wall of the Forbidden City for some distance. This inmost wall of all is of coarse red, and of considerable height and thickness, with battlements and at intervals watch-towers. At each corner these have the appearance of pavilions, with beautiful roofs in several tiers and the Imperial yellow tiles, which are also used on the tops of the walls; under the wall is a white fosse, or ditch, full of water. We then turned to the left; and passing through a gate with sentries into a large open space, still outside the Forbidden City, we crossed this and went within the sacred precincts at a point between the palace building and Prospect (or Coal) Hill, which is an eminence on the north, with various yellow-tiled pavilions or temples, from which extensive views of the city may be obtained. To this hill, however, we were not admitted. We now came to an inner gate, at which we dismounted from our various conveyances and gathered together, ready to be received by the high officials detailed by the Wai-wu-pu for that purpose. Soon they appeared from inside the gates, in full dress according to their rank; and picturesque they looked, as they stood in this gateway in their many coloured robes, showing beautiful embroidery—to denote their rank—on their breasts and backs, their high satin boots, and

plumed hats with the peacock-feather sticking out behind. They were quite in keeping with their setting; and it was we prosaic-looking modern-clad foreigners who were the wrong note in the picture. After we had all been presented, they led the way within. The whole place, though showing signs of age, is in fairly good order. I was told much money has been spent on repairs since 1900. The buildings are of the same form as the temples; indeed it is hard to tell which is temple and which is audience-hall or residential building, though perhaps the wooden lattice-work windows are more in evidence at the latter, some of which have glass, but more often thin paper, inside the lattice-work. The woodwork is very good, and in many designs.

In Europe we think of a palace as a very large and extensive building, but it is not so in China. The Chinese palace consists of numerous groups of buildings, impressive rather from their designs and places than from the size. Another feature is the vastness of the courtyards in which they are placed.

As in Rome, St. Peter's always appeared to me to be most impressive and greatest when approached from the immense square in front, so do the Chinese palaces and temples gain in the same way.

Through such a great courtyard, then, we passed on to an oblong entrance-hall, and from that into the enormous courtyard, in which, I believe, audiences are

at times held. There you see where the chief mandarins have their places. There is a glitter as of gold from the many gorgeous, sun-lit, yellow-tiled roofs, with their ridges decorated by symbolic monsters, which take curious forms in the light and shadow of the blazing sun, and the curved gable ends of the roofs rising in fantastic shapes. Away beyond this is the great audience-hall, which only the great ones are ever allowed to enter.

But what lavish architecture is seen here! the splendid painted and decorated woodwork, showing, as all this sort of decorative ornament in China does show, the predominance of the dragon, with the peacock's tail, blue and green. I was rather amused to see a distinctly modern touch in this decoration—done, of course, since the Dowager Empress's return. On some of the beams were painted buildings and streets, with electric lamps, sea-pieces, modern war-vessels, &c.

In the courtyards are wonderful works in bronze—stags, and long-legged cranes, white marble lanterns higher than a man, gilded basins with gold-fish. It is lavish, but withal a restraint, which only adds to beauty.

The Chinese fully appreciate that if a beautiful and intricate piece of workmanship, either art or craft, is to be shown to full advantage, it should be by itself; it must have a space round it, so that one can see the full effect.

I passed on with others; but I felt as though I were

in dreamland, so real it seemed. I had read of such a place, but it was hard to realise that I was actually seeing it. We were rowed across the Lotus Lake, in which are some tracts of clear water for the boats; the rest seems one solid mass of plants. We sailed near the island on which was the prison-house of the Emperor—a pretty prison, its pavilions and summer-houses in quaint little gardens, but a prison none the less. Here is that wonderful marble bridge now once more sacred to the use of the ruler, but ill-used like all else here by the ruthless invader and righteous revenger a few years ago. Near by is a gorgeous green-and-yellow pailau, and behind this the matchless dragon screen, which is of considerable size and wonderfully decorated with dragons in high relief; its glorious colour is beyond description. We saw, towering above, the Dagoba—the Mohammedan temple, built for the wife of an emperor who was of that religion. Who shall say the Chinese are not tolerant?

All religions exist and even flourish in their midst. We climbed this hill by tortuous steps and winding paths, to find more beautiful marble and bronzes; then a long straight staircase, and the top is reached—and spread out before us is the Imperial Palace, the Forbidden City, the Lotus Lake, Coal Hill, and all the wonders I had heard of. There they all lay at our feet, glittering in the sunlight, whilst away beyond were the

Tartar city walls and gateways, and the faint outline of the western hills.

Amongst the most beautiful and peaceful places perhaps in this fairy palace is the Emperor's garden, shaded by trees and spotted by sunlight, the stone-paved walks bordered by sculptured marble and masterpieces of bronze; it is an ideal place for meditation, but we had no time to see even a tithe of the wonders.

We were shown some private rooms, but not allowed to enter. These had glazed windows, and through them we could see rooms very beautifully fitted and furnished, and fine porcelain vases on carved wood stands.

I longed to be able to sketch in this wonderland. I knew this was hopeless, not only because of the refusal I had already received, but because we were told the Court would shortly return here from the Summer Palace.

Once more we entered the boats, and were slowly rowed back across the lake, some members of the party pulling lotus flowers as mementoes of their visit. Rickshas again, and the famous Winter Palace of Peking became once more a dream.

CHAPTER XX

PEKING: TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

Disappointment—Forbidden to Paint in Jehol Palace—Journey Abandoned—I go to the Temple of Heaven—Entrance, and Through the Parks—The Temple of the New Year—The Emperor's Robing Temple—The Sacrificial Altar—Peaceful Work.

THE night before the day appointed for our start, I had a visit from a member of the Legation staff, bearing a passport for the journey to Jehol; but with it the news that the permission to sketch within the palace precincts was refused. My friends of the Legation suggested that if I went to Jehol I should probably on the spot be able to arrange matters. But this seemed to my Western mind too slight a chance to depend on; I did not feel that it was hopeful enough for me to make an arduous journey, seeing that the storms had made rivers unfordable, and the roads very bad, and a long roundabout route would have to be taken. After much discussion I reluctantly determined to abandon this journey. I asked Mr. Drysdale to write to me from Jehol and tell me anything he could.

But what annoyed me still more was that this refusal made it also apparently hopeless to attempt to get within the Imperial Palaces in or near Peking. "Red tape" exists

in China, as in our own country; and during the next few weeks I gave much thought as to how I was to untie that piece of red tape which kept a harmless artist from sketching, and showing to those at home, his ideas of the beauties of Chinese Imperial homes. I felt that to show them my intentions were solely artistic was my only way. Meantime I had Peking to levy for subjects for my pencil and brush, and a rich field it is; none finer have I seen; and at this time of the year, October, the weather is the most pleasant and reliable.

One of the first notable places I determined to paint was the Temple of Heaven. The entrance to this place is quite easy for a European—it simply means a ten-cent payment at each of the gates. The ordinary tourist who is going to see the many temples, all appertaining to the Temple of Heaven, has many payments to make.

The entrance to the Temple of Heaven is about two miles out in the Chinese city. I made the journey in rickshas, one for myself and one for my boy—a new boy, by the way, lent to me for the time by one of my friends in Tientsin. The boy carried most of my working materials. Leaving the hotel we crossed the canal, passed the American Legation, and skirting the great entrance to the Imperial Palaces, went out under the imposing Chien-Men on to and over the beautiful marble bridge, through a great pailau, and away out to the long, straight, and wide road lined on either side by stalls and booths of

護照

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發給護照事准

大英國駐京大臣朱 函稱現有本國畫士李德爾觀光到京赴熱河承德府一帶游歷請發給護照等因本部為此繕就護照一紙即由本部蓋印標硃訖送交大英國朱大臣轉給收執所有經過地方官於該畫士持照到境時立即查驗放行照約妥為保護毋得留難阻滯致干查究切切須至護照者

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此照游歷回日即行繳銷如有遺失作為廢紙

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all kinds, with the shops behind these. The first part of this road is new macadam and good, but some distance out one comes to another marble bridge of very pretty design. This we do not cross, but went to one side and over a commonplace timber bridge, the marble bridge being kept for Imperial use. Then we began to bump along the old paved road. A little of this goes a long way; but soon we turned off to the left, and reached the outer gate in the wall surrounding the grounds, where the greatest of China's great temples is placed.

Inside the gate, having duly paid my ten cents (about twopence), I found myself in what was like a large English park, with stretches of grass and great trees, and groups of black cattle which are bred and kept here for sacrificial purposes; they are rather like "Black Angus" cattle. On through this park we sped in our rickshas till we reached another high wall, with the usual three gates, and from here we had to walk.

Another ten cents, and we enter, by a small side gate, more park land; but we see signs of buildings, and soon come to another wall with more gates; ten cents again, and we enter, to find ourselves in full view of the Temple of the Year. This great building is circular and stands high, with terraces and balustrades of marble, all carved and sculptured with designs of dragons, fish, and all the mythical creatures in which these mystical people delight.

The architectural forms here show, as in all buildings

in China—religious, Imperial, and domestic—that the number three, or a multiple of it, is of great moment, a sacred sign. There are three of these marble terraces, rising one above the other; and in the third is the huge temple itself.

The building is carried and held by the usual great coloured pillars, on which rests the triple roof, covered with glazed tiles of a wonderful blue; to see the play of the blazing sunlight on those shining blue tiles and red painted woodwork, and on the gleaming marble balustrades and terraces, is one of the grandest sights in the world.

From this I made my way to other temples of various forms, all showing great beauty. There was one with a green-tiled roof which, for the quality of the colour, was very remarkable.

From the Temple of the Year there is a series of temples, each used by the Emperor when he comes here to perform the sacred rites of his office. The last of all the covered buildings is the Emperor's robing temple. It is of exquisite form and colour, the same wondrous blue tiles being used. It is from this temple that he comes to the great open-air sacrificial altar. The form of this altar is circular; it is enclosed within two circular walls of brick, plastered and painted red, and covered with blue tiles and pierced at regular intervals by groups of gateways, three in each group, each with tall and massive but simple pailaus.

PEKING: THE EMPEROR'S ROBING TEMPLE, IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

The altar is of white marble, and rises in three terraces to the centre and topmost, in the middle of which is set up a plain rough stone, looked on by the Chinese as holding the position of the centre of the universe.

In the outer enclosures can be seen the buildings on which the actual burnt-offerings or sacrifice of the black cattle is made.

My description of this, the most beautiful and impressive example of architecture in existence, is lamentably wanting; no words of mine can describe it. But let any one stand, say, in the courtyard in front of the Emperor's robing temple, and look over this scene, and I think they must feel impressed. First you see the tall stone gateways, beautiful in simplicity and ruggedness, and serving to show up by contrast the more finished beauty of the wonderfully designed, carved, and sculptured marble of the terraced altar, with the most gorgeous roof of all overhead, the blue sky, and the sun sending down his rays of gleaming light on these old terraces, casting shadows from the pillared balustrading, showing the cunning work on the steps, and toning and beautifying the whole into the most beautiful and impressive picture I have ever looked upon.

What would I not give to see this place at the time when those mysterious rites of worship are carried out in all the barbaric splendours of the country?

To describe the many other temples within this

lovely park would be superfluous, because the lesser temples are all much alike, and I fear that all suffer by comparison with the greater one.

Many days did I spend in this quiet place, working in great comfort, taking my lunch with me, enjoying the crisp sunlight of autumn, occasionally seeing a foreign visitor being shown round; whilst almost my only onlookers were the few coolies employed to pull up some of the weeds in the courtyards. I say some, because they seemed purposely to leave many, and most of their time was spent in talking to each other.

I have remarked how easy it is for foreigners to obtain entrance to this, the most sacred place in China. It was not so before 1900, when our troops took, and encamped in, the park to which they have ever since exercised the right of entry. One day when I was sitting peacefully at work in one of the outer rings of the altar, I heard the steady tramp of many booted feet; and to my surprise, through the gateways of the surrounding walls (the very gateway which would be used by the Emperor), came a company of the Cameron Highlanders. Right through and up the steps they marched, and stood round admiring the view from the "Centre of the Universe."

I understand that very few Chinese except high officials have ever seen this place, it being difficult for them to obtain admission, and I believe no Chinese

PEKING: THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR

The Emperor's way from his Robing Temple—behind the spectator—is through the central gateway and up the steps to the sacrificial altar of the Temple ("The centre of the universe").

women are ever allowed within the walls. A foreigner, an official of high rank in the Chinese Service, drove out with his wife to visit this place, having with them a guest, a young Chinese lady. She was refused admission, and nothing would induce the gatekeeper to allow her within; so my friends, who would not go without her, returned to Peking without seeing the temples.

Although the ordinary Chinaman is not allowed entrance, there is no objection made to the native servant of a foreigner: my boy was with me always, and was in great glee at seeing such a place.

From Martin's "Lore of Cathay": "When taxed with ingratitude, in neglecting to honour that Being on whom they depend for existence, the Chinese uniformly reply, 'It is not ingratitude, but reverence, that prevents our worship. He is too great for us to worship. None but the Emperor is worthy to lay an offering on the altar of Heaven.' In conformity with this sentiment the Emperor, as the high-priest and mediator of his people, celebrates in Peking the worship of Heaven with imposing ceremonies.

"Within the gates of the southern division of the capital, and surrounded by a sacred grove, so extensive that the silence of its deep shade is never broken by the noises of the busy world, stands the Temple of Heaven.

"It consists of a single tower, whose tiling of resplendent azure is intended to represent the form and colour of the aerial vault.

"It contains no image, and the solemn rites are not performed within the tower, but on a marble altar which stands before it; a bullock is offered once a year as a burnt sacrifice while the Master of the Empire prostrates himself in adoration of the Spirit of the Universe.

"This is the high place of Chinese devotion, and the thoughtful visitor feels that he ought to tread its courts with unsandalled feet.

"Dr. Legge, the distinguished translator of the Chinese classics, visiting Peking (some years after this was written), actually 'put his shoes from off his feet' before ascending the steps of the great altar. Yet, in 1900, this sacred spot was converted into a barracks for British troops!

"For no vulgar idolatry has entered here; this mountain top still stands above the waves of corruption, and on this solitary altar there still rests a faint ray of the primeval faith.

"The tablet, which represents the invisible Deity, is inscribed with the name of Shang Li, the Supreme Ruler! and as we contemplate the majesty of the empire prostrate before it, while the smoke ascends from his burning sacrifice, our thoughts are irresistibly carried back to the time when the King of Salem officiated as 'Priest of the Most High God.'

CHAPTER XXI

THE LAMA TEMPLE

Description — The Noise House — Lama Students — Trouble with One — Friendship with the Priests—Open-air Worship—A Priest uses his Beads—A Lesson in Perspective—The Great Buddha—Dress of the Lamas.

THE Lama group of temples is in the north-east corner of the Tartar city, and was built as an Imperial Palace by the son of the famous Kang-hi. The entrance is at the northern end of the Hata-Men street. There is a fine specimen of a highly decorated pailau in front of the first gateway. Neither the priests nor students bear a good character. I was told they were of the lowest, and can well believe it; but I did not concern myself with this, my thoughts being directed to the question whether they would allow me to work in peace. Passing in by the third gateway, I found myself in a large paved courtyard surrounded by a high red wall roofed with yellow tiles. In front of me was a yellow-roofed temple raised from the courtyard and reached by a flight of stone steps, at each end of which were gigantic and most beautifully wrought bronze lions. The Lamas, being under direct Imperial patronage, use the Imperial yellow.

In each corner of this courtyard is a double-roofed sexagonal building covering memorial tablets. The one on the right, near the gate, is used as a sort of drum tower. I might more correctly describe it as a noise house. Here are not only drums, but other instruments on which, at stated hours, the most hideous noises are made, to call or direct the students to the various prayers and ceremonies. There is also a sort of horn which, blown by the strong-lunged Lama gatekeeper, emits a horrible roar. It brought into this courtyard swarms of yellow-robed students, boys in ages ranging from about twelve or fourteen to about twenty. They added to the noise.

When I was seen to put up my easel, and on it a sheet of white board, there was a rush made for me. They crowded up so close as almost to overwhelm me, and at first refused to move at all. I told my boy to drive them back; but he was too frightened to do that, and, when I told him to speak to them, he made the excuse that they "no b'long Chinese, all same Lama man." I had, therefore, to put my shoulder to, and managed to push them back and make a small circle; but they did not all like this. Fortunately for me, that horn roared again, and in a moment I was left. They rushed off towards the centre of the courtyard. Priests, apparently their teachers, had arrived. The youths divided into groups, each with a teacher who proceeded

to harangue them. As there were at least six or eight groups, and the teachers were all lecturing at once, the students joining in at times, it was a perfect Babel of sound, and I began to wonder how long I could work in such a din. But many months' work throughout China had impressed on me the value of patience. The noisy scene was one of splendid barbaric beauty. The wide paved courtyard, with fine trees dotted about at either side—the great yellow-roofed temple, with wide steps leading up to it—the lesser buildings at the corners—made a most impressive setting for the groups of yellow-robed students gathered in groups first, and then, at a fresh signal, all joining in one central group round a priest and kneeling on the stone pavement, with the brilliant sunlight over all. A tree or bit of building cast a shadow here, and emphasised the light there, showed up the newer yellow robe against the older, discoloured one, glinted on a bit of red under-dress or blue sock. I was indeed fortunate to see such a ceremony on my first visit at the Lama Temple. This open-air worship and lecture takes place once a month, and I took care to be present on subsequent occasions, by which time I was not so much an object of curiosity to the Lamas. During my first day or two at this place I had considerable difficulty with some of the students. They would stand right in my view, and were not very ready to move when asked. One day a biggish youth

persistently stood blocking my view. I signed to him to move; but he took no notice. I told my boy to tell him he was in my way, and to move to one side. I saw him answer my boy, but still he did not move. My boy reluctantly told me, "He talkee this b'long he, no' b'long you." I quietly laid down my palette; and, with a sudden movement, I had him by the scruff of the neck, and ran him across the courtyard and out of the gate. I walked quietly back and went on with my work, remarking to my boy, "Now b'long my." The crowd laughed, taking it all as a huge joke.

By this time I may say I had quite made friends with some of the priests, who had put the students back from obstructing my view. A day or two after this, sitting in the courtyard with the usual crowd, there was a sudden crash behind me and a yell from some of my onlookers; but it was only fear. A brick had been heaved over the wall—at me, I suppose—but it did no harm. Another day, either the same or another young Lama (I had not taken enough notice to distinguish) again persisted in standing in front of me, and I was, through my boy, remonstrating, when a priest saw the trouble; without a moment's hesitation he plucked off his beads (great, heavy things, often carried over the left ear), and going up to the youth started to belabour him over his shaven head with them; and on the youth going off, followed him up and thrashed him right round the courtyard. Coming back to me, he

smiled broadly, and told my boy to tell me, if I was bothered again, I was to thrash my tormenters well; but his punishment sufficed—I had no more trouble with them.

I had one day a most amusing argument, without words, with one of the priests. I noticed he was talking to my boy and others, and pointing to my picture and to the subject. I found that he said, as the boy put it to me, "Your picture no proper." "Why?" said I. The picture was the accompanying illustration. There are three doors to the temple, and in front of the centre one, on the stone courtyard, is a rough wooden chair (it is hidden by the figures in my picture) on which, at certain ceremonies, the living Buddha of this temple would sit. From my point of vision that chair appeared to be under the farthest west door (in reality it is in front of the centre door); and, as the priest knew it was in the centre, he said I was wrong. I pulled him forward and held a pencil up in front of his nose, and told my boy to tell him to look past that and see where the chair came; then I walked him along till in front of the central door, and again made him look past the pencil, and then farther still; this time he found the chair was under the eastern door; then back to my picture, and again showed him how it was I got it where it appeared to me. He then understood, and most solemnly kowtowed to me, and lectured and demonstrated to the crowd all about it. For many days this same priest would bring others to show them the wonders of perspective drawing

as shown to him by a barbarian artist; and I think this little incident helped to give me greater comfort and quiet for my work in this temple, where, with the little exception mentioned, I had a quiet time and was always greeted smilingly.

I frequently took my lunch here, and was watched most curiously by the crowd—Lamas, coolies, and occasionally Mongolians—many of whom, in the train of the Dalai Lama, were lodged at this temple.

In one of the temples in this lamaserai is the enormous Buddha, seventy feet high; and, going up the staircase to look on the awful countenance of this image, one sees the big prayer-wheels. A simple method of getting in plenty of prayer!

It is better to look out from the balcony over those beautiful roofs, which make one wonder how the people who conceive and execute such beautiful things can yet make their gods so hideously, fearsomely ugly. There is, I believe, a rule that a building once inhabited by an emperor must, on his ascending the throne, become a temple. As emperor he is the Son of Heaven, and therefore no mortal can follow him and dwell in it. It seems to me that must mean a great multiplication of temples. I have heard and read that there are from two to three thousand Lamas here; certainly the number is large.

Their dress is most distinctive—a brilliant yellow robe,

with just inside the long wide sleeves a bit of blue showing, and the same colour again on their shoes; with dark red under-robe, and an enormous yellow hat, shaped helmet fashion, the ridge of it feathered. The form is supposed to represent a sacred mountain in Tibet.

CHAPTER XXII

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE AND HALL OF CLASSICS

The "Stone Drums"—"The Spirits' Staircase"—The Hall of the Classics—The Porcelain Pailau—The Yellow Temple.

WITHIN a stone's throw of the Lama Temple is that of Confucius, and adjoining it The Hall of the Classics. Both are now almost silent memories of the past. A few priests are to be seen at the first, which is much like other temples to the great teacher, whose word is law even now after more than two thousand years. In the courtyard are very fine old cypress trees, over a thousand years old, I was told. Here also are the ten "stone drums," in two rows of five stones in each row, said to be of unknown antiquity.

A thing to marvel over and admire is the extraordinarily beautiful "spirits' staircase" of white marble, with steps on either side of a great sculptured slab of marble, covered with a mass of beautiful carving—the dragon, of course, predominant.

The Hall of the Classics is still more quiet and neglected; one has to bang loudly on the gates to make a dilatory attendant open them and receive his fee, and allow you to enter. Weed-grown and silent

PEKING: PORCELAIN PAILAU AT THE HALL OF THE CLASSICS

Erected by Chien Lung, the builder of the Summer Palace.

indeed is this place, and perhaps it is this very silence, so rare in China, which made me think it such a delightful place. Here I could sit for hours with not a soul to bother me; and after the Lama Temple, with its crowds of Lamas and others always round me, this peace was very grateful. The hall itself is a fine building, raised on marble terraces and steps, with an old marble-balustraded pond all round, lotus-grown and still, which is crossed by marble bridges. The woodwork of the windows is very good and also the great pillars supporting the double-eaved roof, the whole surmounted by a great gilt ball, the gold of which still glitters brightly in the sun.

All round are the hundreds of stone tablets on which is engraved the text of the Nine Classics. But a few yards inside the entrance-gate is a large porcelain pailau, the three arches of which are lined with white marble; and to the green and yellow of the upper part it is covered with ornate roofs of yellow tiles, and is altogether a very gorgeous piece of work, somewhat similar to the one by the Lotus Lake in the Forbidden City.

Another fine group of buildings is the Yellow Temple, about two miles outside the northern wall. At the time of my visit, October 1908, the Dalai Lama — the pope of Lamaism and nominal ruler of Tibet—was lodged here, so that only part of the buildings could be seen, as his privacy was very strictly observed; but we visited

the white-marble monument erected by the Emperor Chien-lung over the clothes of the Teshu Lama who, while on a mission to Peking, died of smallpox, his body being sent back to Tibet. This is a very ornate building, with a somewhat semi-Indian character, rather like one built by the same Emperor at the Summer Palace. It is surrounded by very fine fir trees, and seems to attract many visitors, native and foreign. I was, however, more attracted to the eastern portion of this temple—much damaged in the Boxer troubles, but grand in its barbaric splendour of marble staircases and wide terraces, leading to the great halls, placed in spacious courtyards; the gorgeous yellow roofs having wonderful turned-up eaves that showed the timber-work beneath.

I saw a procession of Lama priests, in yellow vestments, coming out of one temple, quietly walking along the paved courtyard, and then ascending the grand staircase and disappearing into the great hall; whence shortly after issued sounds of worship, a melancholy chant, then the beat of a drum and other weird sounds.

The Yellow Temple, where the Dalai Lama and his followers were lodged, was built as a lodging for the emissaries from Tibet when on missions from Tibet; and in the outer portion of the eastern end were camped many of his followers. What wonderfully picturesque figures they are! There they were, mingled among their ponies, tents, and booths, Chinese hawkers from Peking

THE YELLOW TEMPLE, NEAR PEKING

bargaining with them; the Tibetans eager to buy the various Chinese and Western commodities, the Chinese as eager to get the many little ornaments and curios which the Tibetans carried for sale or wore as ornaments. I succeeded in getting some strings of turquoise beads of beautiful colour.

There were also Mongolian horse-dealers, eager to offer us ponies, which looked sound though rough little animals.

During the stay of the Dalai Lama here, great numbers of Mongols came in to pay their reverence to him, and on the plain between the temple and the city many of them were to be seen, men and women, riding at great speed; splendid riders they are, weird figures to meet. The women wear quantities of beads, and quaintly worked silver ornaments on their heads. At this time I often met a squad of these wild-looking people in the streets of the city; they rode along noisily and seemed to treat the quiet citizens with contempt, and the citizens did not seem over anxious to have much to do with them.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MING TOMBS AND NANKOW PASS

Journey—A Comfortable Inn—Donkey-riding to the Ming Tombs—The First Pai-lau—Monoliths by the "Sacred Way"—Ruined Bridges—The Great Hall—The Tomb—The Traffic—The Gateway to Mongolia.

AS they are now comparatively easy to reach by rail from the Peking-Kalgan Railway station, outside the gate, the famous pass and Ming Tombs should not be missed by any visitor to Peking. The drive to the station is rather rough, but the rail journey is good and the country full of interest. It is mostly over a vast plain, and on the horizon one can already see the outline of the mountain ranges dividing China and Mongolia, the natural barrier which was not thought enough by the builders of the Great Wall. Less than two hours brought us (I made this journey with friends) to the station of Nankow, about a mile from the village, and at the entrance of the pass. The pass is the natural gateway from north to south, and through it has passed for centuries the traffic of nations, besides hordes of northern warriors who would in past times use this as their means of descent on the rich country around Peking.

Near the station is a small hotel, clean and comfortable,

run by Chinese, with fair cooking of foreign food; we made this headquarters for our short stay. We at once procured donkeys to take us to the Ming Tombs, and with little delay made a start. A ride of a few miles, fording some small rivers and passing one or two villages, brought us within sight of the first sign of the tombs of the old dynasty. And now I began to see that, even when this journey has to be made by riding all the way from the capital, it was well worth the trouble.

What triumph of architecture is this looming up on the horizon? Gradually we draw near and can see more clearly. It is a good beginning to the old sacred road to the tombs. A fine arched pailau, white marble and of grand proportions, standing solitary in this rugged country, makes one think of the great past and the dynasty which ruled this mighty empire. I felt I was indeed approaching a fitting resting-place for the Imperial dead. This glorious piece of building is in itself memorial enough; but, though so great, it is only the first though the finest of the many wonders of the approach.

Going close up to examine the work, I found a flock of sheep and goats browsing peacefully in care of a shepherd. The shepherd, I suppose, is so accustomed to this grand work of art he takes no notice of it, and would probably think nothing of using a bit of it, could he get it, for other purposes.

What beautiful design is here, what masterly skill, what lovely carving! It is a masterpiece among the world's choicest possessions.

The pailau forms the entrance to the long straight road across the level piece of country leading to the tombs. It is now little more than a rough track, the old paving-stones being broken and turned up, grass and weed-grown, and decay showing at every step.

A little distance on we saw a red-walled gate-house, with tall and imposing marble pillars on either side, having wing-like projections at the top and carved dragons climbing up and round them. Passing through the gateway, we begin to see the marvellous line of grotesque sculptures which line this holy way. They are wrought in marble and of immense size. How, I wonder, were they brought there? But I am astonished at nothing the Chinese do; they are past-masters of craft, and the mere moving of great weights would not seriously trouble them.

In this wonderful procession are representations of men and beasts, and great stone monoliths and figures in old-time armour; other figures seem to wear priestly robes. Of the animals, camels and elephants were most remarkable, the latter being very realistic. Beyond these weird watchers of the dead rises a triple set of pailaus, not so grand, but rugged and impressive. The wide valley is now narrowing slightly, and we approach the hills, on the slopes

of which are the actual tombs—thirteen in number, I think.

What wonderful inspiration made those men of old choose such a site for their building-place, what brain conceived this truly Imperial approach?

These Ming Emperors must have had the souls of artists, whatever the other side to their character. They must have had a rare sense of beauty, judging by the many beautiful creations of their time still to be seen in China—their stately houses on earth, and their resting-places in death. Alas! that the present rulers of China do not wake and recognise the wealth of beauty they possess in relics of their past, and take some steps to preserve it from absolute ruin. Here are the magnificent ruins of three marble bridges falling to pieces from sheer neglect. That mountain torrent may at times be strong; but the wit of man built those beautiful bridges, and surely the same wit could preserve such magnificent monuments of the past.

Having with care crossed this waterway, now almost dry, we soon reached the entrance to the temples by the tombs. There are many tombs, but we only visited one, that of Yung-ho, gaining entrance after much banging at the great gate, which was opened by a coolie who came from a persimmon-orchard close by. We inspected the yellow-roofed temples, and passed through them to a large courtyard with cyprus and fir trees. On each side are

great yellow porcelain shrines, where are burnt the annual offerings.

Then we come to the enormous hall, supported on wooden pillars of great size; they are made, I think, of Burmese teak. What a stately hall this is! Stepping it, I found the size about seventy yards long by about half that width: it is empty and forlorn-looking now.

Passing through this hall and down an elegant stairway, one reaches another courtyard with more cypress trees, and beyond that is the solid mass of masonry which contains the entrance to the tomb itself. In front stands an altar-like building, on which are carved urns for joss-sticks.

The building is solidly built of stone, the first storey crenellated, and on this is more masonry with very beautiful double roofs of Imperial-yellow tiles, with wide eaves showing fine woodwork, carved and decorated.

A fitting guard-house to the tomb of an emperor! We rested a while in the quietness of this courtyard, and drank tea and took refreshment we had brought with us; then prepared for our ride back to Nankow, some twelve or more miles.

As we left the tomb evening was drawing on, and away over the plain we could see those giant stone monsters marking our way, and beyond, catching the gleams of the setting sun, I could discern that beautiful pailau. Perhaps it was the poetry of evening which made our return journey so delightful. Passing over those ruined bridges

and wending our way silently and slowly between the ranks of those weird monuments of the past impressed me very much, and, as the light fell, it grew more and more weird. The stillness was intense and almost nerve-trying; but soon we left the "holy way," and turned off to find a nearer pathway to Nankow. As the sun set the moon rose to light us on our way; and by that light we continued our journey on our sturdy little steeds, in single file along narrow tracks, fording streams. At the end of a long day's work came the welcome from our Chinese host at the inn. What wonders I had seen that day! I felt I had lived for something.

Next morning broke bright and glorious. What a splendid feeling it is to rise from sound sleep, in a strange place, and go outside wondering what one will see! On this morning I went out to gaze away far, far over an undulating plain, extending miles away to and beyond Peking. I could see distant caravans of camels wending their tortuous way to the capital. Nearer, I made out some Peking carts and waited for them to approach, and found that on them were fixed, flag-fashion, paper signs of the names of well-known Tientsin foreign firms. Where does not the white man go in search of trade and gain? These carts were on their way to and from the Mongolian country district, with representatives sent to buy or sell goods. By exhibiting the names of the foreign firms they represent they meet with more consideration than they might otherwise do.

Nankow Pass

On this journey we added to our train an extra donkey, to carry our lunch and tea-baskets, &c., and extra wraps against rain, and soon got under weigh towards the small walled village of Nankow, which stands on the western side of the entrance to the Pass, and is overlooked by the paper-box-like forts built high up on the mountain sides. A quaint and busy little village is Nankow, Chinese with a distinct leaven of the Mongol among its inhabitants, on the direct highway between the two countries. A stopping-place, it is full of people and animals coming and going; here a string of stately camels, there a herd of ponies, among them perhaps a potential winner of a Shanghai Derby; there a drove of goats, and, trundling along the rugged uneven pavement, a Peking cart; what frames the riders in those carts must have to stand all the bumping! Then comes a mule-litter, with noisy drivers, and amongst all we foreigners riding along on our donkeys, and drivers picking their way through the medley. We soon got through and began the ascent of the Pass.

Below us rolls the turbulent little stream, small at present, but in time of flood doing no small damage. Above us, on the left, tower the mountains; and across the valley are more mountains, but there is a change on that side, for along it is being built the Peking-Kalgan Railway, and, as far as we could judge, built well.

At the time of our visit Nankow was the limit for passenger traffic, and I was glad indeed that we could see this wonderful road in all the glory of its mixed traffic. I should doubt if the world has another such road. Up and down this road for centuries this mountain-pass has been the trunk-way between China and Mongolia. Of old, down this pass must have come the invading hosts of the savage and warlike Northerners; and now, to-day, it can be traversed by rail, and all too soon the glory of the road will be gone. The camel and the mule and the ox and the willing little donkey, Peking cart, mule litter, and Sedan-chair will very soon be mere tradition, gone for ever. This makes me glad that I saw it in full swing as it has been through all these centuries. Even now the railway has reached the Great Wall at the head of the Pass, and soon the iron rails will take command here as elsewhere, and gone will be the wonderful medley of traffic on this old-world way. It will sink into the silence of a country road, and the tourist will flash by in a train, and catch but a glimpse of the grandeur of the Pass, and none of its present and past character. The big flat paving-stones have deep ruts worn in them by the constant traffic of rough wheels. Some are torn up altogether, leaving holes which the wheels make deeper and deeper, and, according to the weather, are filled with dust or mud.

Great rocks seem to have scattered themselves on the surface; and how the drivers navigate the carts round and

over them is a mystery. I have seen one wheel come right on a big stone of from twelve to eighteen inches high; it stops a moment, and as the mule feels the cart pull round, he gives an extra pull and over it goes, bump down on the other side. The camels step along with their stately stride, their expression saint-like, as if asking you to notice what a burden is theirs; they carefully steer round all obstructions, as do the clever little donkeys.

Soon we come to a roadside drinking-place, surrounded by animals of all kinds, waiting their turn to get a refreshing drink; beside it, a sort of meadow where camels and other tired beasts of burden are resting.

Looking back, we have a grand view down the Pass. Down the rough mountain-side comes a spur of the Great Wall, with a tower-like watch-house set, sentinel-fashion, on an eminence. Under this can be seen a bit of the town of Nankow. In the valley below can be traced the course of the river, winding its way to that vast plain which has a never-ending distance merging in the sky. The road winds along, twisting and turning on the hill-side, and the groups of animals and of people can be seen away far off. A great landscape is this, worthy of a great brush.

On we go, finding fresh interest at every turn, and come to an unique gateway with five-sided archway. How the men of old seemed to enjoy carrying out little

architectural problems of this kind! In the archway with flat top, the bricks must be keyed together; but this cannot be seen, and the spectator wonders why they do not fall out. There is some wonderful carving on the face of the stones of this arch, and inside the arch innumerable Buddhas and other figures are delineated, though at the time of our visit we could not see it all, as workmen were engaged on some repairs and working under a screen. This is, I believe, another work of the time of the Ming Dynasty.

All along this Pass are spurs of the Great Wall, as if at this point the builders were determined that, even if invaders *did* get through one barrier, it would only be to face another.

About fourteen or fifteen miles from Nankow, we reached the top of the Pass and came on the outer part of the Great Wall, with its great gate through which this wonderful old road is carried; this is on the summit, and we passed through, and gazed with longing eyes away down the winding road leading into the mysteries of Mongolia. I wished I might ride on and on, and explore more of the beauties of this land. I turned and watched for a time the passage through this hole in the wall, which admits the vast merchandise from one country to another. There it stands, as it has stood for many centuries, and through it there seems to pass an endless stream of life. In one direction go the products of the

north—wool, sheep, goats, furs, ponies; in the other come the manufactured goods of all kinds, some from Manchester, some from Southern China, from America—indeed, from all the world.

I could spend days watching that procession; but I have to rejoin my friends and ride fifteen miles before night, and it is now late afternoon, and on this road no one travels fast with impunity. A good general view can be had here, but not quite so extensive, I consider, as can be seen at Shan-hai-kwan described in another chapter. Once more we mount and retrace our way, having seen one more world's wonder.

I meant to return to this part and spend some time trying to paint the scenery, but was prevented, and all I have as a memento is the small drawing of the gateway.

Our return journey was uneventful; but as we approached the lower end of the Pass, and the light was fading, the scene was, if possible, more beautiful in the uncertain light than in the brilliant sun of the early day. Thirty miles a day on donkey-back makes one wish for comfortable quarters and good bed, and we fully appreciated them. One of our party was a lady, who did not flinch from those two days' long journey on donkey-back. Early next morning we took the train for Peking, and I again took up the burden of my work in the capital.

NANKOW PASS: GATE OF THE GREAT WALL

CHAPTER XXIV

A RIDE ROUND THE SUMMER PALACE

My Restive Steed—Five-Pagoda Temple—Traffic on the Road—The Jade Fountain —The Porcelain Pagoda—Peking from the Drum Tower—Police Supervision.

SO far I had seen only Peking, and was anxious to see the country round; the one way to see the latter satisfactorily is by riding. A good friend and fellow-guest at the hotel suggested I should go with him one day, and that he should mount me. So one morning we arranged to go round the Summer Palace. My friend suggested that, as one of his ponies was rather given to stumbling, I had better ride another which he had lately got. I mounted all right; but, immediately this pony felt my weight, he seemed to object. Round and round he twisted, up and down he jumped, and when at last I got him to move off, he wanted the whole width of the street. His owner remarked that he would be all right presently. Then I found there was an uncomfortable kink in the saddle, and I had to abstain from posting. I felt I was in for a day's excitement. On we went away round the Imperial City walls, leaving the Tartar Wall by the Se-chih Men Gate. Here begins the Imperial Road; but we turned off on a more

shady and pleasant way by the Canal, and soon saw that strange building, the Five-Pagoda Temple. We only saw it from the outside, by a grove of trees. It is rectangular, and on the top are the five pagodas that give it a name. It is not wholly Chinese in form; I should say it is rather of mid-Asiatic style. The pagodas have many tiers of ledges, smaller and smaller towards the apex. Near by is an immense marble tortoise, with the pillar of which once it was the base, lying on one side. This probably marks the grave of some one long dead.

We cantered along, enjoying the sunshine and the exercise—my mount apparently happier going fast than slow—and soon came in sight of the distant roofs and pagodas where the stern Empress Dowager and the weakly Emperor were lodged. The villages through which we passed were busy with the great traffic always caused by the Court in residence.

Reaching the large open space in front of the main entrance to the palace, we found an animated scene. The general appearance was somewhat like that of a big country fair at home. There were booths and stalls, at which were sold every imaginable thing a Chinaman could want. Jugglers, acrobats, pedlars and small hucksters, soldiers on guard, cripples, the halt, the lame, and the blind—all gathered, I suppose, to get what they could out of the greater ones. Peking carts were hurrying to

and fro from the gates, and carriages of European design carrying higher officials were coming and going.

The brougham is the carriage now most affected by the Chinese gentleman. To see a smart new rubber-tyred brougham, with two parti-coloured rough Mongolian ponies drawing it and driven by a Chinese mafoo, with another servant standing behind, the owner in full mandarin costume inside, made my thoughts go back to Kensington and fancy-dress balls. We rode through this motley crowd, and, turning to the right, went round to the north of the hill the palace stands on. As we went along we could see many of the buildings still remaining on this side; but they were sadly damaged in 1900, and have not all been repaired yet.

All round the outsides of the wall were guards. We passed through a picturesque village with a fine bridge, which looked very well with the animated foreground, and up behind it the hill with its temples and pavilions, and on the top The Many Thousand Buddha Temple. As we cleared this village we found, on our left, flat land intersected with water and evidently highly cultivated; on our right the ground was hilly. In front of us rose the hill out of which comes the Jade Fountain; on its top is a high pagoda; before reaching this, we left our ponies and mafoo and went on foot up the hill, on our way visiting the Jade Fountain. I tried to find out why it was named so, as there is no jade and no

fountain. The spring of beautifully clear water comes out at this point, and it is mainly from this source that the lake in front of the palace is supplied. On up the hill we went, and at last on a ridge we turned and got our reward. Some way off we could see the Summer Palace, and the lake spread out in front of us, looking very beautiful. I longed to penetrate the boundaries of some of those palaces, with the right to use a colour-box. To see them was most interesting, but not enough for me. I wanted more, but I was continually being told I would not get it.

On the western slope of this hill we came to that little gem of art, now in ruin, the "Porcelain" Pagoda. It is perfect in proportion, rising in all its glory of porcelain tiles of all colours—one of the fairest bits of architecture in China. I felt thankful that it had been spared from total destruction, at that time of devilment when revenge was uppermost in men's minds.

Of this beautiful thing I was able to do a small sketch. Near by are other pagodas, and below us the ruins of temples, but nothing to compare with it. The colours are mellowed by age, but still glitter in patches.

Such a beautiful thing made me think of what Napoleon was reported to have said of Antwerp Cathedral—that it should be kept under glass. I trust it may be preserved for the admiration and instruction of coming generations.

We trudged back to our ponies. I found mine lively as ever; fifteen miles seemed nothing to him, and his circus performance began again immediately I attempted to mount, much to the amusement of the crowd. By this time I had suggested to my friend that his whole idea in asking me to ride with him was that he wanted his new pony broken in; of course he denied this, but even now I think he had designs of that kind. On our return journey I was so fully occupied in holding in this brute that I saw little else. At one point, inside the city gates and near the Coal Hill walls, he tried to bolt, and I had to use my whip, which seemed a great surprise to him. He bucked and reared; but it was no use, and my return was made safely.

One delightful day I spent in riding out to the Peking Racecourse. Here, as wherever a few Westerners congregate, is some sport. The course is some miles outside the walls, and we came to it by devious paths across fields, &c., my mount bolting at the last and entering the grounds by the pavilion in a most racy fashion.

From here we watched some trials; my friend's pony, on which I rode, being put round in good style by a friendly jockey.

I had been invited to lunch, and, even at this distance from the city, nothing was lacking. Here, as elsewhere in China, the foreigners, who are gathered together mostly to make money, take good care to have a few of

the luxuries of life at hand, and the Chinese boy aids greatly in procuring them.

View from the Drum Tower

One of the most comprehensive views of the Tartar City of Peking is obtained from the old Drum Tower, standing north of Coal Hill and the Winter Palace, and quite close to the beautiful Bell Tower. Entrance is obtained by a low door, leading to a long straight stone staircase, dark as night; to go up this staircase one should have a candle or torch. Climbing it, and reaching the chamber above, one is well rewarded. From the balcony, on all sides, can be seen the city stretching out. To the north, past the Bell Tower and over a mass of roofs, can be seen the northern walls, and, beyond, the undulating land stretching away to the Yellow Temple. To the east are more houses, with the higher roofs of temples appearing among them. To the west, far off, are seen the western hills; and to the south, at one's feet, is the long straight street leading up to one of the gates of the Imperial City. Behind that rises "Coal" or "Prospect" Hill, crowded with pavilions. Rising out of the trees to the right is the Dagoba, within the Winter Palace, and nearer one can see gleaming water connecting with the Lotus Lake, and making, by canal, a waterway between this and the Summer Palace fifteen miles away. To the left are the yellow roofs of

PEKING: SEEN FROM THE DRUM TOWER

Coal Hill on the left; beneath, the Gate of the Forbidden City; to the right, the Dagoba, which is within the precincts of the Winter Palace.

the Winter Palace itself. Away beyond all this you can see the farther walls, with towering Chien-Men and other gateways, and even the far woodlands in which are the Temples of Heaven and of Agriculture. Peking in all its beauty of building and woodland and mystery is at our feet, and it would be hard to find a fairer prospect. One wants to look only at what is there, and the beauty of it, and try to forget all the past horrors which have been perpetrated here.

Looking over this, the Forbidden City, one knows little of all that is enacted under those hiding roofs and walls. From this projecting terrace (which is made by the upper section of this tower being smaller, by so much, than the lower half) I made my drawing, which may give some idea of the place. The custodian did not at first seem quite sure about allowing me to work here, but I knew what this meant and went on with the work. At the end of my first sitting he demanded extra payment; I treated him to a few severe words of English and to very little extra money, and found him much more civil on my next visit. At this time I also carried on my picture of the Bell Tower, which was done just outside the fencing of the Drum Tower.

Here I was viewed with suspicion by the police. The constable—if one can call a Chinese policeman by that name—discussed the matter with my boy, who told me he wanted my card, which I handed out. Visiting

cards are a most useful article in China, and seem to cover many doubts. Soon this man brought a superior officer, who examined me and my work with great care, and asked many questions of the boy—where I stayed, how long I had been in Peking, &c. There was a change in the officials when I next appeared at this place, for I had been told that an edict in my favour had been issued by the Empress Dowager, admitting me to the Summer Palace. I found this had been published in the native papers, and my boy got to know of it and immediately demanded that his master should be respectfully treated. So when I reached the Drum Tower, the attendant, instead of barring the way till he got his fee, threw open the door and bowed me in, though he took the fee when I offered it. When I went down to work at the Bell Tower, the police saluted and sent the crowd off helter-skelter. My boy smiled serenely at me, as much as to say he knew how to manage things. It was quite remarkable how henceforth, wherever I worked in Peking, the police cared for me and were most helpful and respectful.

CHAPTER XXV

I OBTAIN AN EDICT

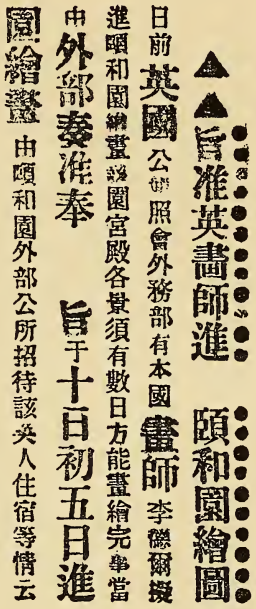
WHEN I had been some weeks in Peking I heard from my friend at Jehol that the authorities had been told I was coming there to make maps and plans, and that I was not to be allowed within the Imperial Palace. This was proof the Chinese Officials did not understand what I wished to do, and I determined to try again. I went to the Legation and explained my theory to one of the secretaries, asking him if he could introduce me to a Chinese Official who might understand my work and be able to get it seen by members of the Grand Council, explaining to them what I wished for, and to ask permission to paint at the Summer Palace. This programme was carried out with entire success. I was introduced to H.E. Lew Yuk Lin, a most enlightened gentleman, who has travelled much in Western countries and is a collector of objects of art. He was kind enough to interest himself at once in my work, and promised that he would endeavour to show specimens of it to the Grand Council; at the same time he did not give me much hope. I was asked, "Supposing permission were

granted, would I present the Empress Dowager with a picture?" I acquiesced. I knew I was asking for such a privilege as had never before been granted; and, for that very reason, I was more than ever determined to obtain it. After a few days my pictures were returned to the Legation, with the information that the Grand Council had seen and were much pleased with them—nothing more.

Just at this time a small exhibition of the works of various amateur artists of Peking was arranged at the Legation. With these were exhibited some of my pictures, and I was surprised to find the interest taken, not only by the foreigners, but by the Chinese, many of whom visited the exhibition. I think all this helped to show the Chinese Officials my object, and I began to have hope of achieving my desire. Our Minister now informed me that H.E. Yuan Shi Ki had promised that he would approach the Empress Dowager on my behalf. The permit must come direct from her — no other could grant such a privilege; and it was suggested to me that a request put forward empty handed was not so easy as when the hand was full. I said, as I had agreed to give a picture if permission were given to me, I might as well give it now; and so, out of many one was chosen and sent to the Wai-wu-pu for the Empress Dowager.

Late one night I returned to my room to find a

short note from Mr. Lew Yuk Lin, informing me privately that the Empress Dowager had that morning issued an edict allowing me access to the Summer



[Extract from the *Pekin Daily News* (Pei chung zih pao), issued on the 6th day of the 10th moon in the 34th year of the reign of Kuang Hsü (30th October 1908).]

Permission by Imperial Edict given to a British painter to sketch in the I Ho Yüan (the Summer Palace).

Some days ago the British Minister informed the Wai-wu-pu (Chinese Foreign Office) in an official despatch that a painter of his own nationality named Li Tê-êrh (Liddell) wished to enter the Summer Palace to sketch the buildings and scenery, and that several days would be required to enable him to do as he wished. We now learn that the Foreign Office approached the Throne on the matter, and that they are in receipt of an Imperial Edict, in virtue of which permission is granted for him to enter the Summer Palace on the 5th day of the 10th moon (29th October), and to live in the buildings of the Chinese Foreign Office there where he will be entertained.

Palace; and in due course the same information was conveyed to me through our Legation. I was greatly pleased to attain the one thing I wanted above all others in China, and immediately arranged to make the most

of it. I was uncertain where I could stay, as, through some misunderstanding, no intimation was conveyed to me of the full wording of the edict; and I arranged to ride out to one of the villages near the palace to try to find quarters. I went to what I was told was the best inn in the village; and, though I was determined to put up with anything so as to work at the palace, the quarters offered me were not inviting; the rooms were not over clean, the floors stone, and as the cold weather was approaching this was a consideration. The courtyard seemed overflowing with noisy people, and, as I retraced my way to Peking, I was not very sanguine. But I hurried on to finish what work I had in hand, and get all ready for the day I had appointed to go to the palace.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SUMMER PALACE

My Reception—My Quarters and Attendants—My First Walk Round—General Impressions—The Lake—The Great Temple—The Myriad Buddha—The Bronze Pavilion—The Grand Pailau—The Marble Junk—The Bronze Ox—The Residential Pavilions—My Procession to Work—Intense Cold.

MY bag was packed, my working things all ready, even my camp-bed tied up. My boy had got a warm coat, as I knew any day now might bring very cold weather. I went to bed wondering what next day, after all my anxious waiting, had in store for me. I was to paint a place I had never seen, except at a distance, and I did not even know if it would make a picture. I had been told I should only have a few days, which did not trouble me much; I could trust to my wit in this matter. Of the few who, I knew, had seen the palace, one said it was nothing much and very new, another that it was very beautiful.

After the message from the Legation I was up early and breakfasting before seven, when my boy came to tell me that a Chinese gentleman wished to see me. Going to my room I found him, and was thankful that he spoke English. By order of the Wai-wu-pu he had come to escort me to the palace; he told me I was to

be lodged there, and that rooms were allotted to me in a building used for foreign visitors when there was an audience.

I was distinctly relieved that I was not obliged to go to the inn I had inspected the day before, and that I was to be really on the spot. Baggage being put beside the driver, and the boy also in that elevated position, my courteous guide and I entered the carriage and, preceded by an outrider, drove off.

The sharp morning air made me think of the cold that was to come. We soon passed through the city, out at the western side, and over the canal which is the old waterway from the Winter to the Summer Palace. The western hills loomed up in the distance, and all the country looked beautiful. Autumn colouring was showing everywhere. Several villages were passed, the last and chief being that in which was the inn I had dreaded. On we went, seeing the palace roofs gleaming against the hillside. Passing through the pailau, which is placed where the road joins the open ground in front of the palace gates, we drove up to a gate. Here I was most courteously received by several mandarins and officials, escorted inside, and shown my rooms. I was told that a cook who understood foreign food had been sent out with other servants from Peking, and two boys as personal attendants; in fact, I felt rather overwhelmed by the attention lavished on me. If it had been hard

to persuade those in authority to allow me to come, certainly—once they gave that permission—they gave it fully, doing all that was possible to make me feel not only comfortable, but an honoured guest. When my things were got inside, my attendants courteously suggested that perhaps I would like to have a walk round the palace grounds. This was exactly what I wanted, to enable me to settle what I would paint. Orders were sent forward, and when we were ready to leave my quarters I found that I was at the head of quite a procession—I in front, my friendly mandarins following, then my boy, and the other boys and servants and coolies, &c.—for even in a state procession a lot of coolies are always joining in.

I had noted that a sentry was placed at the outer door of my quarters which opened on to the courtyard in front of the chief gates; he presented arms as I passed out to find a double line of fine looking soldiers, drawn up near my door across to one of the side gates. The centre gate is only used by the Imperial family. Between these lines I and my procession passed along, to be received at the gateway by the officer of the guard and various palace officials. Once I was inside, there was a little less formality. The mandarins ranged up to me, and kindly told me the names, &c., of all the different buildings we came to. The first was a large hall—used, I believe, at times of audience as a sort of

first reception chamber. Passing by and going round this we quickly came in sight of a large and beautiful sheet of very clear water, with several islands dotted about; it was surrounded by low walls with fine-wrought white marble balustrading. On one of the islands can be seen the Dragon Temple; and from this island to the mainland on the southern side is the long and beautiful marble bridge of seventeen arches. At intervals other bridges are to be seen, including the famous camel-backed one of white marble. Also there are ornamental pavilions with red-pillared walls.

As I first saw this palace in soft autumn sunlight, the western hills bathed in light but wonderfully soft in outline, the distant pagodas and temples placed on various eminences, and the great gleaming yellow-roofed red-walled buildings on the rugged hillside, their roofs of various pavilions just appearing out of the masses of foliage, it was fairyland; and when I was able to see more closely various views of it, its great beauty became more and more impressed on my mind. The first designer of this lovely Summer Palace—well may it be named so—must have had a true appreciation of the beautiful, first of all, in the choice of such a delightful site. That bold hill, with its southern face running down to a marsh which was easily made into a lake, was certainly chosen by some one with the true artistic sense; the same sense is shown by the wonderful way in which

PEKING: THE SUMMER PALACE

Showing the greater part. The central buildings are Temples. Below is seen the yellow roof of the State Audience Hall. In the distance are the Western Hills.

the buildings were not only designed but placed to the best advantage, separately and in the mass.

The lake is largely artificial. It was a piece of marshy land, the waters from the famous "Jade Fountain" running through it. On the northern side is the sharp and abrupt hill on which the main buildings are placed, all centred in the Great Temple built on a foundation of the most solid masonry one can imagine, composed of immense blocks of stone very closely laid. This foundation rises to a great height; and the front is broken by the two staircases, which in three sections on either side lead up and meet on the top, which forms a large space, from the centre of which rises the chief temple with its enormous gilded image. The temple rises in three great tiers, each with its yellow roof bordered with green. Leading up behind this gorgeous building are more stairs to another temple—The Myriad Buddha which is on the highest point of the hill. It is entirely faced with porcelain tiles of yellow interspersed with green, with a white marble triple gateway in front. On each side of this central group and cunningly placed on the steep hillside are various pavilions and memorials —some with yellow, some with green tiled roofs. There are some stone tablets and bronze tablets to famous persons of the past.

On the western side is that wonderful work of art and marvel of bronze, the Bronze Pavilion, wholly made

of fine bronze: even the tiles are bronze and the floors, and the interior furniture—of which little now, I am sorry to say, is left. It is a reproval to Western civilisation that such beautiful things should be pillaged. Of the wonderfully wrought open-work windows some are gone—taken away, I believe, in 1900; but I was glad to hear that the British prevented the entire pillage of this place. It would be a gracious act if the owners of those window-frames, which are, I believe, still in China, were to restore them to this unique building.

After a general inspection of this part we went on board some barges, and were rowed across the lake to inspect the Dragon Temple and the various bridges and buildings. From the water there is a wonderful view of the whole central group of temples, and this position, by the way, is entirely for state ceremonials and worship, and is enclosed by a red wall which runs along the top and down the sides of the hill.

In front of all the group and on the water's edge is the Grand Pailau, through which, by the water, is obtained the state entrance to this portion, the state audience-hall and temples. This pailau is a gorgeous thing in itself, with its huge red pillars dividing the usual three gateways; these pillars set on white marble plinths, and carrying over them gaily coloured and gilded open-work and carvings of dragons and other mythical creatures. Over all, and divided in three, are the blazing yellow roofs.

PEKING: THE GRAND PAILAU, SUMMER PALACE

The chief entrance to the Audience Hall and Temples from the Lake. Through the central arch in the distance is seen the Dragon Temple.

This building is backed by the first entrance-hall, which in turn leads through to others and so reaches the state audience-chamber. Each hall rises above the other, and over all are the solid stone wall and towering temples. The great group of architecture, all reflected in the clear waters of the lake, made a picture hard to equal. I had not time, alas! to attempt to reproduce it on paper or canvas.

Looking from the steps of the entrance-hall one sees the pailau clear and massive against the lake and sky, and, through it, the Dragon Temple with a glimpse of the Seventeen-Arch Bridge.

Going on by boat we reached the curious "Marble Junk." Built about two hundred years ago, it has at various times been added to; but the additions are not beautiful, nor do they improve the architecture. The original boat, in form like an old state junk, is good, being built of blocks of white marble and finely wrought, the stern rising high, and the whole very realistic. Built on this fine old work and rising to some height is a tawdry erection of wood, painted to imitate marble. The upper floor consists of tea-rooms for the Imperial family and their guests. Again, to meet modern ideas, excrescences of marble have been added, to imitate roughly paddle-wheels; this is badly done, obviously out of keeping and proportion with the original structure; but the added paddle-wheels seem to suggest that

the Chinese mind of some years ago really wished to adopt Western ideas, and used this means of showing its desire.

Adjoining the Marble Junk is a fine marble bridge, with sculptured lions on the piers and a well-formed double roof over the centre arch. Near by are the boat-houses, in which are kept the gorgeous state-barges and the modern motor-boats now used on the lake.

Away across, on the southern side of the lake, stands the grand casting in bronze of an ox. I call it a casting, but much work must have been given to this artistic masterpiece after it left the founder's hands. It stands massive and alone. What masters of bronze work the Chinese are! Look at the great lions near the Grand Pailau, finer even than those at the Lama Temple; think of the storks and deer at the Winter Palace!

I believe Italian priests were called in to help design this Summer Palace; and, looking at the whole from across the lake, I could see evidence of their work. That central group, on its enormous stone foundation, shows it distinctly in the severity of the stonework; even the temple on the top, in spite of the Chinese roofs, has a touch of Italian, and I could almost imagine I was on an Italian lake, looking at some fairy palace. Italian or Chinese—I care not which—it is extremely beautiful. Could one wish for a more ideal place in which to dream away the sweet summer?

The pavilions of the Empress Dowager, and of the Emperor and Empress, are close to the lake, nearer to the entrance of the palace grounds than the state buildings, which they differ from in being roofed with gray tiles; they are not large, but very dainty, and the word pavilion describes them well, as nearly all are of one storey and unpretentious. They border on the lake, with only a narrow paved footway in front balustrated with white marble, and are approached by steps at which passengers can land from boats.

In front of the Empress Dowager's are two tall slender pillars of wood, arched over at the top, from which hangs a large electric arc-lamp; these tall pillars are decorated with white dragons on a green ground. Under the eaves of the pavilion are rows of electric lights. The windows are glazed inside elaborate woodwork, much of which is painted a brilliant red. To see all this lighted up at night and reflected in the clear waters of the lake must be very beautiful. I could imagine it to be somewhat like parts of Venice on a *fête* night, with the addition of the more picturesque Chinese figures.

The gardens of these pavilions are neither large nor particularly beautiful, but the whole place is a natural garden, and so lovely that one does not miss the artificial garden of Western style.

From these pavilions to the state buildings and

temples there is a covered way raised slightly from the ground, paved and roofed with tiles, the roof being supported on timber posts and beams, all of which are most elaborately decorated and painted with many quaint designs.

The Empress Dowager has repaired all this southern part of the palace since 1900, and in this work one can see the introduction of many Western ideas. This covered way extends all along the foot of the hill, and is a means of access to every part of the palace buildings; a delightful walk it is, although hidden from sight among the trees; and going along it, one can get delightful peeps out to the lake.

I have said that the quarters set apart for my use were in a group of buildings abutting on the courtyard in front of the chief gates. These buildings are semi-foreign in design and fairly comfortable, though not originally designed for sleeping-quarters, but rather for the foreigners who come to audience when the Court is in residence. My rooms were, however, made very comfortable for me, foreign bed and furniture being provided. Almost on my arrival I was asked how many days I would require to stay to do my work. To this I gave an evasive reply. I had been told I could only stay a few days; and, to do even a little of what I saw, I knew I must stretch out my time as much as possible.

My reception on arrival at the palace was most

formal; and after that, I thought I should be rid of ceremony and go about my work in my usual way; but I soon found that my comings and goings between my room and my work were most carefully arranged. My own boy had become quite an important personage since his master became an Imperial guest; he had two other boys under him, and as many coolies as he liked to have; and though I had repeatedly told him that he and no one else was to carry my drawing, I found that he was giving it to one of his underlings to carry.

Whilst staying here I found that the Wai-wu-pu had arranged that two mandarins, officials from the Foreign Office, should always be in attendance. I was told that this was to ensure me all possible attention and comfort; and that all the servants should do as I wished. To these mandarins I am much indebted. To state a wish to them was to have it carried out. I was quite free to go where I liked in this fairyland palace, and I had—as it were—but to wave a wand to find at my disposal all I wished for. Had time allowed, I should have wished to visit and examine every corner; but my purpose was to get, whilst I had such a chance, a few pictures of this place, to paint which no European before had ever had permission—and to this purpose I gave all my time and thoughts.

As I have said, my comings and goings were matters of ceremony; and it may interest readers if I try to

describe it. I would say to my boy: "Ready for work, boy," and he then called his underlings and imparted this news to them. They in turn notified the mandarins who were in their quarters adjoining mine. I watched the servants get my working things together. Once they had done this, they always knew just what I wanted, and forgot nothing. I then walked out into the courtyard to head the procession. I went in front, the mandarins following me, then my boy with my drawing in its case, then more servants carrying my various implements (they are cunning enough to divide up the loads, so that each has but little); and, following them, a few coolies carrying teapots and so forth. So we started—the sentry at the gate having notified the guard and presented arms as I pass: I find a long double line of soldiers going right across the great courtyard to the palace gates; through this we pass, being saluted by sections as I go, and at the farther end by the officer in command. At this point we are received by palace officials; and on our passing inside the gates several soldiers and palace officials join the company. Boatmen attend, in case I wish to go on the water. Proceeding to the subject I had in hand, I get quickly to work; and my crowd of attendants dispose of themselves as they like. I thought that it would only be at first that such ceremony would be observed; but it continued all through my stay, and I had much quiet amusement as

PEKING: THE MARBLE JUNK

This imitation of an old junk, on the Lake of the Summer Palace, is used as a Tea-House for the Imperial family. The marble paddle-wheels were added during the late reign.

each day this performance was enacted for an unassuming artist.

The weather had now become extremely cold, and I found it necessary to put on all the warmest clothing I had, and over all a heavy fur coat; even so, I felt the bitter wind when I sat at work: how my attendants stood it I don't know; but they could move about and seek shelter from the biting wind in corners of buildings, whilst I had to stick to my easel. But I was never left entirely alone whilst on land, and only once, when painting the Marble Junk from a boat, did I succeed in getting rid of all my following, and having about two hours alone on my boat. That morning, on boarding the boats, I had suggested that all need not come, as it was so very cold; so the mandarins and some others walked by the lake side to the point nearest where I should anchor. I counted my reduced following, and found that on two boats with the rowers there were twenty-one persons with me, the two boats being fastened to a pole stuck in the bottom at my point of sight. I then told them all to clear off my boat so as not to shake it, and they rowed off and joined the others on shore; but I was within sight all the time.

I was rather amused once in passing along through the guard, when without thinking I suddenly stopped to light my pipe, and found that I had stopped the

whole procession, and kept the soldiers with arms presented while I did this: my mandarins had nearly fallen over me.

There were telephones from the palace to the Wai-wu-pu in Peking, and I soon found that all my doings were being reported at headquarters, just exactly what I had done that day, and (if possible) what I was going to do.

After a few days I heard that I was not to be hurried away; but the weather was getting so severe that I found it very hard to keep at work. As I passed along the outer courtyard to my quarters, I could occasionally see at a distance the conveyances which had brought out from Peking visitors, who, driving thus far, would take chairs or ponies, or walk round on the neighbouring hills, so as to get a view of the Empress Dowager's famed summer home.

The mandarins attending on me took turns in duty, driving out from Peking in the morning; two would be with me one day and stay over night, to return next day to the capital and be relieved by two others.

The day or two which I was supposed to have was spun out to nearly a fortnight at this delightful place, a time of continuous work for me and of great interest. The mandarins and others were kind and attentive in all ways, and I shall always have most kindly recollections of them.

Each day the cold got more intense and I had to make up my mind that I could no longer carry on my work outside. So I fixed on a day for departure, and now I had an example of the official mind. The officials had got to know me, and to understand what I was doing; and instead of being hurried away I was asked if I would remain longer, or—if I wished to go—would I return? I should have been glad to return had it been earlier in the season, but November forbade it. I shall not forget my last day at the Summer Palace. The sun shone brilliantly from a clear blue sky, but the wind was intensely cold; I worked at my subject of the Grand Pailau; and though I stuck to it all day, at the last I was so numbed with the cold that I could not even put away my brushes, and to walk at all was painful.

All was ready for my departure. My carriage had come from Peking; and, only going to my rooms for some tea, I bid adieu to all, gazed my last on the lovely place, and set out on my long cold drive to Peking, which I reached before the closing of the gates.

CHAPTER XXVII

RETURN TO PEKING

Death of the Emperor and Empress Dowager—
Anxious Times—Good-bye.

THE hotel seemed very warm and comfortable and home-like, and it was pleasant to talk with other English people, and hear the news of the world from which I had been practically cut off. The gossip going round recalled to me a conversation with one of my attendants a few days before at the palace. He had been telling me of an audience at Court at which he had been present, and I asked him how the Empress Dowager and the Emperor looked: the Empress, he said, looked well and strong and walked erect, but the Emperor looked very ill.

During my last week or so at Peking there were anxious times for many. Rumours came from the Winter Palace of the serious illness of the Emperor, then more rumours of the Empress Dowager, and it was felt that a crisis in the affairs of China was near. The strong hand so long felt was now trembling. The Emperor was known to be dying, and all were wondering what might happen next.

Before leaving Peking I had invited all my Chinese friends to dine with me—those who had helped to forward my petition for entry to the palace, and those who had smoothed my way by their kind attention—and, to meet them, a few of my personal friends. For this farewell dinner I made for each guest special menu cards, on which I painted little bits of the Summer Palace. Just before dinner a note from one of my Chinese guests brought apologies for absence. The others came and we sat down. We were nearly at the end of our meal, when messengers arrived to call all the Chinese away from my table. They apologised gravely and politely and left; and but a few seconds after another guest, a journalist of note, quietly asked me to excuse him. We remaining knew too well what must have happened, but could get no definite news till late that night. The Emperor was dead, and the Empress Dowager dying. Next day brought news that she, too, was dead; both the long and the short lives were over, and a new régime must now guide the fate of the great Empire. Early next morning I was awakened by the march past of our bonnie Highland men to reinforce the Legation guard; and so our watchful guardians took precautions which might be very necessary. There was considerable anxiety on all sides, for no one knew quite what might happen.

I had still a little work to do in Peking; and cold

though it was, I moved about in the city, and found the streets patrolled by military and extra police. The people stood about in groups, particularly near the many small banks, from which depositors or holders of notes were hurriedly withdrawing their money. A feeling of uneasiness was general. Walking with some friends one day up Legation Street, I was much amused to find that the Chinese gatekeeper near Hata-Men Street had most carefully oiled the hinges of the Legation quarter gates. He meant to make it easier and quieter to shut them hurriedly if necessary.

But as far as we were concerned, all things seemed quiet. Tientsin papers came in, and it amused us to read of the events taking place in our midst of which we knew nothing. The many Mongolians, who for some time past had been coming to the capital to pay their duty to the Dalai Lama, were magnified by the press into an army of Mongolians on the north of the city, ready to force an entry. More than one Legation was said to have put out wire entanglements and made other preparations for siege, and women and children were preparing to leave. Rumours reached us that various high officials had suddenly met their end, and that others were imprisoned; but nothing happened. The new Emperor was enthroned, the Prince Regent was appointed, and things went on as before.

On one of my excursions across the city I came on

the procession of the Dalai Lama, and in my ricksha rode beside him for a mile or so. He was seated in his yellow chair, alone—outside of the Chinese Imperial family—holding the right to ride thus. This remarkable man has an intelligent face of the true Asiatic type—high cheek bones, prominent teeth, and straggling thin black moustache.

At the time of his arrival in Peking there was great discussion as to how he was to enter the city. I heard it was even suggested that a temporary way of wood should be built, so that he might come in *over* the Wall, as he could not enter by the one chief gate reserved for the Ruler. It ended, however, in him coming by train, and being carried in by one of the ordinary gates. His followers came in by all ways: a wild-looking lot they were, broad faced and hard looking.

They certainly added to the picturesqueness of the rapidly Westernising capital — this horde of mounted Lama priests, their yellow gowns streaming in the wind as they rode. There was a troop of Chinese soldiers in the procession, but the Tibetans themselves formed the principal part. The Dalai Lama was returning to the Yellow Temple from the Winter Palace, where he had been present at the enthronement of the child Emperor.

I was now finishing a picture of the Summer Palace which I had been asked to do for the Empress Dowager; and as she was dead, I was in doubt what to do. I

asked the Legation to make inquiries of the Wai-wu-pu, and I was told to finish the picture. I left the picture in care of our Legation until the period of mourning had passed, that it might be brought to the notice of the Prince Regent, who had been appointed to guide the destinies of China during the minority of the baby Emperor. I have heard since then that the picture has reached the Court. When it was completed there was nothing to detain me longer in the capital; the weather had become too severe for outside work, and I felt my time had come to return southwards. This meant the beginning of my journey home. I was lucky enough in my voyage from Tientsin to be stopped on the bar at Taku, so that I missed the full violence of a typhoon. When we got out to sea, we felt only its after-effects. In calling at Cheefoo we were informed of the loss with many lives of a Japanese steamer, which had left just before we did. We landed in Shanghai without mishap, and my few days' stay there were taken up in arranging for an exhibition of my pictures of China, which I had been asked to give for the benefit of a very deserving charity, the Home for Rescued Slave Girls.

To an artist one year is a short time; and in a country so vast, and with such glorious treasures of art as China, it is all too short. I hope I may live to revisit the country and explore other parts of it.

GLOSSARY

Amah, Chinese nurse.
Bhoberry, noise and fuss.
Bund, thoroughfare fronting the water. Built up from the water.
Cangue, wooden frame for neck of a criminal.
Chien Men or Tsien Men, literally "front gate."
"*Chin-chin their joss*," making supplication to their gods.
Chow-time, Chinese feeding-time.
Compradore, Chinese intermediary between foreign merchants and the native.
Dagoba, tower of the Mohammedan Mosque.
Godowns, warehouses.
Ho, river in the north. (*Kiang* in the south.)
Hong, business house.
Joss-house, place of worship, temple.
Joss-sticks, sticks of rolled paper, with incense, which are burned in urns placed before the gods.
Junk, large native boat.
Kowliang, a tall cereal very much grown in Northern China, attains to eight or nine feet.
Kumshaw, gift, tip (or *cumsha*).
Lekin, native taxing station.
Men, gate.
Mafoo, coachman.
No. 1 *Boy*, butler, chief servant.
Pailau, memorial arch.
Pidgin, business, and has been evolved from that word by the Chinese who cannot pronounce the word "business."
Sampan, small native boat.
Shan, mountain.
Shameen, the island at Canton on which are the foreign settlements.
Squeeze, commission or perquisite retained by Chinese in any transaction.
Tiffin, luncheon.
Yamen, office of an official.
Yuloo, large oar.

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